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SEPTEMBER 8, 1970

10 YEARS LATER:
WOULD GOODELL
INVADE CUBA NOW?
-- SEE PAGE 948

NATIONAL REVIEW

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Robert Moses
Bomb Shelters, Arks and Ecology

F. Reid Buckley
I'll Dress You in Gold

Ernest van den Haag
The Constitutional Amendment to Put Pants on Girls
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The *Cyrano* will be cruising New England waters this fall—and Indian Summer in New England is breathtaking. Clean, crisp air warmed by a golden sun, cool nights, sparkling waters and the most vibrant fall colors you'll ever see, wherever you put into shore. And it's all amazingly inexpensive!

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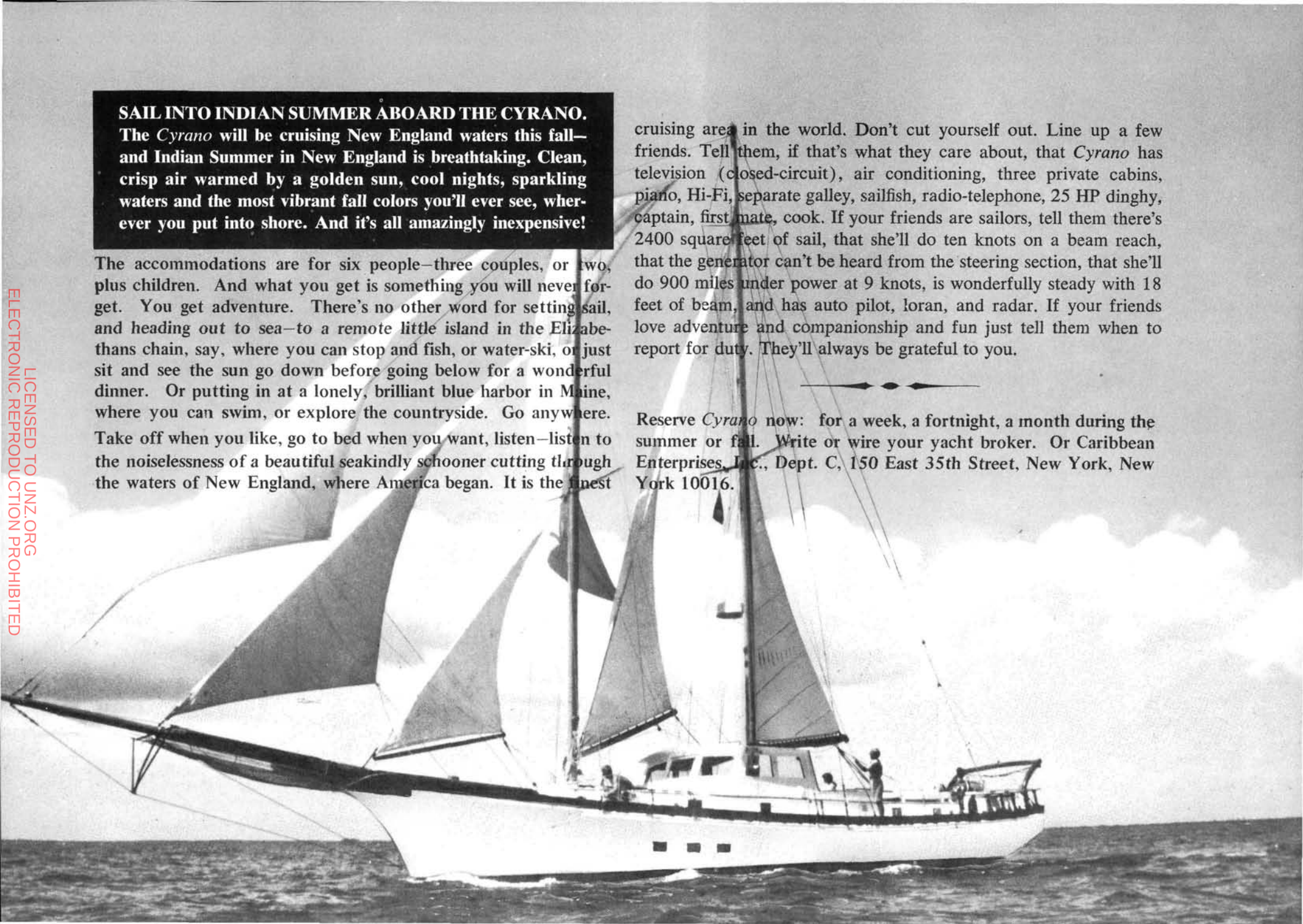

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2 Money Disasters That Could Strike on Saturday

(one of them could happen sooner!)

18 defensive investments and 6 complete investment plans that investment consultant Harry Browne believes will make money for you *whether or not* these disasters strike.

WHILE MILLIONS of Americans were jazz-dancing their way into bankruptcy during the 20s, a smaller number were preparing for a rainy day. And rain it did – for ten years.

But for the farsighted few who knew what they had to do early in 1929 (take their cash out of the banks before it was too late . . . sell short . . . provide for themselves while the going was good)–for these sensible people, the Depression wasn't all that bad. Indeed, some of them *made fortunes!*

Well, Harry Browne says the signs are here again. (The signs are nothing more than a shrewd assembly of today's headlines.) If you were shaken by the financial events of the past few months, this book will offer you little solace. Browne sees worse things on the horizon. But he tells you exactly how to preserve your assets and actually multiply them in the darkest hours.

Plain-Language Advice Any Layman Can Understand — and Act On

Because an investor (or anyone with just a savings or a checking account) cannot survive a devaluation without a solid understanding of the nature of our money system and just what happens to it in devaluation, Harry Browne spells it out in clear, everyday language free of technical jargon. He calls on his vast knowledge of economics, history, crowd psychology, and the way a welfare state misbehaves in a time of crisis, to show you that we may expect *several* economic cataclysms *before* the devaluation that is bound to come.

And he shows you what the effect will be on you, your job or business, your personal finances, your family . . . shows you what *your* plan should be in each crisis – but *always in light of the devaluation that is now inevitable:*

☐ *Continued Inflation.* What will have to happen to the supply of paper money if the present spiral continues. What this means to you. What steps to take right now, while there is time. What drastic measures you should avoid.

☐ *Short-Term Recession.* Popular hedges. What will happen to prices. Effects upon business. What this means to you. Certain profit sources that may remain intact.

☐ ***Depression.*** **Will the next depression be deeper and longer than the last one? What will happen to personal credit? What this means to you. The collapse of the welfare state. Little-known protective measures.**

☐ ***Runaway Inflation.*** **Guidelines to use if paper becomes totally worthless. The only way out. A precaution you must start to think about today.**

The very thought of these crippling events can numb the most determined investor. But those who lose from devaluation *will be those who do nothing.* Or who accept conventional investment advice. Those few who come out ahead will be those who are not afraid to stand apart from the crowd. *Who have taken the trouble NOW to understand why devaluation makes investing and protecting your money a whole new ball game.*

How To Achieve Your Financial Goals — in Spite of Devaluation . . . And *Because* of It!

While unwily investors all around you are losing their shirts because of devaluation, there's absolutely no reason for you to share their plight. That's why we call *How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation* a "selfish" book.

Browne's surefooted plan of defense and offense consists of 6 investments, designed to give you:

- Good growth (not necessarily maximum growth) in assets *during the present cycle.*
- Protection, liquidity, flexibility and buying power *in the next depression.*
- Safety and rebuilding power if we have *a runaway inflation.*
- An excellent profit from *the devaluation itself.*
- Peace of mind—*no matter what happens.*

This 6-investment program can work for you whether you can write a check for $5,000 or $100,000. Indeed, Browne breaks down the investment opportunities according to your present assets, shows you exactly how much to put into each of these investments:

1. Cash in dollars. How much you need on hand. Where to keep it. What to do about your checking account. Where NOT to keep a savings account.

2. Swiss francs. Their special strengths. How to convert your dollars to Swiss francs easily. How to open a Swiss-franc bank account. Addresses and procedures. Laws.

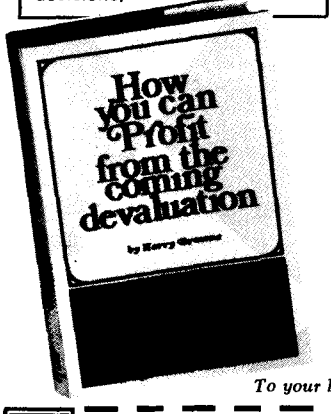
3. Silver coins. Numismatic value. Spending money. How much to keep in silver coins. Melting. Where to store. Where to buy.

4. Silver bullion. How to use leverage to buy. Who will sell you bullion.

5. Gold stocks. How this will profit you through 3 economic crises.

6. Retreat. Why you need one. How to acquire a safe one.

TAX DEDUCTIBLE. If you maintain an investment portfolio, this book can qualify as a tax-deductible expense, as information you use for investment decisions.



Risk-Free Examination

Mail $5.95 with coupon below for *How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation.* Return it within 30 days if not pleased, for full refund plus *extra money* to reimburse you for return postage. Mail to your bookseller or: Arlington House Publishers, 81 Centre Ave., New Rochelle, New York 10801.

THE INVESTMENT PROGRAM — BASED UPON AMOUNT OF ASSETS

Item	Amount of Money to be Used $5,000	$10,000	$20,000	$50,000	$100,000	$1,000,000
Cash in dollars	How much money would you allot to each investment? Write in your figures, then check with Harry Browne's advice on page 169 of HOW YOU CAN PROFIT FROM THE COMING DEVALUATION.					
Swiss francs						
Silver coins						
Silver bullion						
Gold stocks						
Retreat						
Other investments						

Investment	Inflation	Recession	Depression	Runaway Inflation	Devaluation
Bonds	What do you think of the chances for each investment during the 5 economic crises? Write in your answers, then check page 146 of How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation. Browne evaluates each one, grades it from "Very good" to "Worthless" and tells exactly why.				
Cash, savings accounts					
Commodities					
Diamonds, etc.					
Gold bullion					
Gold coins					
Gold stocks					
Life insurance					
Mortgages					
Real estate, income					
Real estate, land					
Real estate, residential					
Retirement plans					
Short selling					
Silver bullion					
Silver coins					
Silver stocks					
Stocks, mutual funds					
Swiss francs					

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81 Centre Avenue,
New Rochelle, New York 10801

Send, postpaid, Harry Browne's *How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation.* I enclose $5.95, and will allow 2 weeks for delivery. If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days of delivery for full refund plus extra money to cover my return postage.

NR-414

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. and at additional mailing offices.

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Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: $20.00 a year ($12.00 for the 44-page issues, and $8.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.
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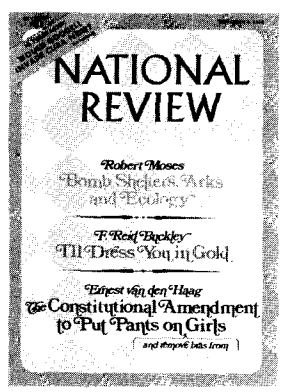
IN THIS ISSUE

■ **Robert Moses** lashes out at what he deems unconsidered, irrational self-pitying, hysterical "ecologists" in a wildly amusing, bareknuckled polemic. As Mr. Moses is fond of saying, "If the end doesn't justify the means, what does?" Robert Moses of New York is known as one of the wonders of the world, probably the premier civil servant of the century. In his "spare time," he authored the recent, favorably reviewed book, *Public Works: A Dangerous Trade*. . . . **Charles Coe** served in Vietnam as a Marine Corps captain. His stories and articles have appeared regularly in national periodicals since his graduation from high school, and his first book, *Young Man in Vietnam*, was published by Four Winds in 1968. . . . **F. Reid Buckley**, whose American lecture tour begins in October, tries tossing the bull again. . . . **Henry Dibble** is the pen name of a highly placed Washington official who documents some of the decade's more irresponsible Goodellisms. . . . **Ernest van den Haag** dissects the new equal rights legislation. . . . **William S. Schlamm**, a founding editor of NATIONAL REVIEW who now lives in Lugano, takes exception to most of what has been written in the international press about the recent Brandt-Brezhnev pact. Mr. Schlamm sees it as a great victory for the Soviet Union, and wonders why it was that Washington failed to understand this. . . . **Alec Waugh** recalls how it felt to cross the Atlantic in the dirigible *Hindenburg*.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The Constitutional Amendment to Put Pants on Girls

■ **John Greenway** leads off this week's book section with a delightful review of the latest by a typical academic liberal technocrat. Mr. Greenway is currently professor of anthropology at the University of Colorado and former professor of English, editor of the *Journal of American Folklore*, Indian fighter, proletarian, folksinger, philosopher, swordsman, patriot, poet, bon vivant, author and bronco buster. . . . **Larry DuBois**, who works in the Washington bureau of *Time*, wrote the article on the Buckley family that appeared in the August 9 *New York Times Magazine*. . . . **Marcia Kahn**, a free-lance writer who lives in Germany and contributes to such periodicals as the *New Leader* and *America*, reviews the important work by Albert Speer, Hitler's architect. . . . **Peter Witonski**'s anthology, *The Wisdom of Conservatism*, will be published by Arlington House this coming May.

■ *NR* cartoonist **Mary Gauerke** reports she has been asked to donate the originals of those cartoons which have graced so many issues of *NR* to the Swann Collection of Caricature and Cartoon Art.

A new novel by Dr. Frank R. Wallace, saluting the heroic spirit of the productive businessman . . .

Eric Flame

Midst a culture becoming violently anti-business, a young man launches a fierce struggle to create an industrial empire. He squarely faces the mounting assaults designed to stop him. Thinking and acting alone, he chooses an uncompromising course of action to achieve his goals. The plot escalates into a frightful climax as the young hero pits his mind against those who must stop him by violence. Eric Flame triumphs.

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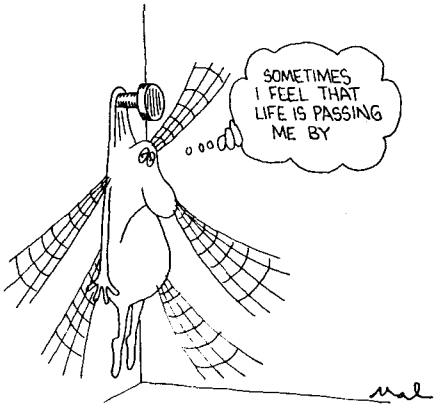
FOR THE RECORD

■ Report on two conventions: It was close at **American Federation of Teachers'** (AFT) Convention in Pittsburgh last week. Only fact that **Angela Davis** was then on the lam kept AFT from adopting a resolution criticizing the U. of Cal. Regents for firing her. At that, the vote on tabling the resolution was tight. . . . It was overwhelming: vote to eliminate anti-Communist section from AFT constitution. That position supported by both president **Dave Seldon** and vice president **Albert Shanker** (of New York) who found the anti-Communist clause "a kind of embarrassment." . . . **Ramsey Clark**, speaker at the meeting, said he'd support a nationwide campaign to prohibit state courts from issuing injunctions against strikes by public employees where public safety is not involved, which eliminates just about all public employees but teachers. . . . Meanwhile, the Kids: At St. Paul, the **National Student Association** (NSA): 1) voted to try to close down the city of Washington on May 1, 1971 in massive antiwar protest (vote was close: 150 to 134); 2) voted overwhelmingly to pay $50,000 in reparations (for what?) to NA of Black Students; and 3) adopted, by 88 to 77, a provision (written, incidentally, by staff writer **Lee Webb** of the Maoist *Guardian*), demanding that police training institutes be closed.

■ On the election trail: **Jess Unruh** reported in such big, bad financial bind in California that it's doubtful he'll have any TV or radio spots in his uphill campaign against **Ronald Reagan**. Latest polls show Reagan 13 per cent ahead. . . . Rep. **John Tunney** still believed to be a shade ahead of **George Murphy**, but Murphy has a coupla things going his way: 1) He's been active union member all his life, which makes Tunney's pitch to blue-collarites more difficult; 2) the campuses are about to reopen; 3) Tunney will lose portions of the leftmost votes in the tight race to former *Ramparts* editor **Robert Scheer**, who's running on an independent Peace ticket. Scheer was last heard of with **Eldridge Cleaver** in North Korea, signing an anti-American declaration ("The U.S. is the No. 1 enemy of the oppressed people of the world," etc.) . . . Interesting poll by station KOAT-TV in New Mexico shows Democratic Senator **Joseph Montoya** running neck and neck (32.5 per cent to 32.5 per cent) with Republican conservative **Anderson Carter**, with whopping (almost incredible) 35 per cent still undecided. Montoya had been regarded as shoo-in. . . . Administration not at all displeased at lopsided 4-1 win by



liberal Democratic Senator **Gale McGee** over doveish opponent in Wyoming primary. McGee, a hawk, is about the only hawk on Senate Foreign Relations Committee. . . . Ripon Society has solemnly advised Gov. **Rockefeller** that he may lose the election unless he puts more pizzazz than yet demonstrated behind campaign of liberal Republican **Charles Goodell**. (In happy slip of type last week, by-the-bye, *NYTimes* reported "The Independent Alliance party was formed to give the United States Senator, **James L. Buckley**, a second line on the ballot.") . . . *Human Events* says **John Lindsay** has threatened to fire any aide who works for Rockefeller this year.

■ Absolutely outraged: Communist *World* at Rep. **Richard Roudebush** for daring to oppose **Vance Hartke** in Indiana. *World* compares their records, points out that Roudebush is a hawk ("red baiter" is headline they use), has opposed school busing, voted for **Carswell** and **Haynsworth**, against medicare, against raise in minimum wage, and furthermore rates only 7 per cent on both ADA and AFL-CIO COPE voting indexes. . . . Campaigning actively in southern Illinois, **Phyllis Schlafly** (*A Choice Not an Echo*), for Congress.

■ Precautionary Measure: **Czech authorities** admit they arrested over six hundred people in week before second anniversary of Soviet invasion; also that they barred all journalists, priests, students and lawyers entering country from the West to avoid repetition of last year's riots. . . . **Kremlin** reportedly worried at defection of dozens of important Czech undercover agents and diplomats in past year. The diplomats include the ambassador to Denmark and high-ranking foreign service people in Paris, Washington, New York, Bern, Addis Abbaba and, just last week, Nairobi. Many have been talking. . . . Poll in Yugoslavia, reported in Belgrade papers, showed that **Yugoslav students** were most bitter about invasion of Czechoslovakia. The answers ranged from 95 per cent bitter about Czechoslovakia, to 43 per cent bitter about Vietnam war, to 3 per cent bitter at ouster of Sihanouk.

■ Crowd stopper: comment by **Spiro Agnew** at luncheon in honor of Chairman **Mendel Rivers** of House Armed Services Committee. Agnew said Rivers had worked tirelessly since coming to Congress in 1940 to make the world a more peaceful place. How? "By trying to get Communism out of Southeast Asia, Russia out of the Middle East and Senator Fulbright out of Washington."

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If You Can Handle These Questions, You Can Handle Inflation

□ **Gold, the centuries-old historic inflation hedge, is forbidden for Americans. Are strong foreign currencies such as the German Mark or the Swiss Franc suitable substitutes?**

□ **Land is a good long-term inflation hedge. But it doesn't always go up. You can't always sell it quickly. It doesn't pay dividends. So it's unsuitable for most portfolios. Are certain railroad or mining stocks a better way for the average investor to participate in land?**

□ **Foreign money managers can mitigate—or magnify—the domestic effects of our inflation. What do the moves toward an international European currency portend for American investors?**

□ **Bond yields are near or at historic highs. What role, if any, should bonds play in your portfolio?**

□ **With the Dow Jones Industrial Average down as much as 30% in the past 12 months, most investors are holding stocks that show cruel losses. What should you do with your worst performers?**

□ **Are antiques a good inflation hedge for a middle-class family? A wealthy family? How about gems? And silver dollars or gold coins?**

□ **In the last depression, certain gold mining shares rose ten-fold in price. Today, are gold mining shares a reasonably secure inflation hedge?**

If you can't handle these questions—beware. Inappropriate inflation defense can turn out to be worse than no defense at all. Many normally prudent people, for example, buy heavily into a few gold mining companies and think their inflation defense is complete.

Sure, placing a proportion of your portfolio in a few carefully chosen —and carefully watched—gold mining companies, is a reasonable inflation hedge. But, as Wm. F. Rickenbacker points out, the price of gold is unpredictable due to international political intrigues (South Africa and Russia are the leading gold producers). And since, in addition, there is no reliable method of forecasting when monetary crises will strike, gold mining shares are highly speculative. Painful losses may follow when they're least expected—and when they can be least afforded.

YOUR INFLATION DEFENSE

In his new booklet HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY FROM INFLATION, Rickenbacker treats these and many other questions. Applying the principles of free-market economics, he puts the answers together in clear, bold strokes, to forge an *overall investment strategy* for the '70's. For specific investments however, and to keep pace with a decade of new governmental regulations, technological advances, foreign developments and changing market conditions, you need a first-class investment advisory service.

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- & Mr. Rickenbacker's longtime associates who must remain anonymous for discreet professional reasons: Mr. S. of the commodity market, and the Swiss Banker, Mr. B., better known as the "The Gnome of Zurich"

bring you the latest developments from around the globe. For instance:

- Perspective review of the money market;
- Industrial and commercial real estate;
- Gems, gold and silver coins (don't jump to any conclusions);
- Common stocks;
- Special issue on gold and silver stocks;
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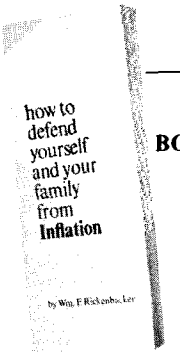

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LETTERS

Irish Luck?

A very clever cover, that August 11 issue—with all the Kennedys looking to the left in a not-so-lucky three-leaf clover. I like that.

Palm Beach, Fla. W. D. WOODWARD

A Brahmin born and raised at the end of the Curley era, I was delighted by Francis Russell's explanation of Mick Power in your August 11 issue, as far as it went.

It was a good article, spoiled though by editorial license in the subhead: "The once-despised South Boston Irish." Once, still and fervently despised by those whose roots in Boston grow deeper than a potato.

Wheeling, Ill. ROBERT M. STRIPPY

After looking at the cover of your August 11 issue, the three Kennedys each enshrined in one leaf of a shamrock with the caption underneath "Why Massachusetts Loves the Kennedys," I opened the magazine with great expectations. I read all about the cheap Irish, and consigned the issue to the wastebasket. Why would the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW allow the people of Irish descent to be publicly ridiculed?

Providence, R.I. ALICE E. HENNESSEY

Having followed the Kennedy-Kopechne incident very closely from the start, including reading the inquest transcript, I was surprised to read in Francis Russell's article [August 11] that Kennedy had "driven over the bridge that afternoon." Though there is some dictionary support for Mr. Russell's use of the word "driven" in this case, it is quite misleading, nonetheless. The transcript and Judge Boyle's report both indicate clearly that Kennedy had *ridden* in the car on its earlier trips around the island the day of the tragedy; his chauffeur had operated the vehicle.

Vienna, Va. WILBURN L. MOORE

The loyalty of Massachusetts to the Kennedys has innumerable parallels in history. Indeed, Macaulay remarked in his *History of England* (1848) that:

> "The charge which may with justice be brought against the common people is, not that they are inconstant, but that they almost invariably choose their favorite so ill that their constancy is a vice and not a virtue."

Marietta, Pa. MRS. ROBERT M. LOMBARD

Worsthorne the Magnificent

Worsthorne, I have concluded, must, in some other language, mean wizard. My elation at reading his analysis of Cambodia [August 11] can best be compared to some honored guest's commendatory pat on the head of an observant child who knows he has seen something beyond the ken of his "informed" elders (the American press generally) whose invariable reaction to his observations is a stern admonition to stop "making things up." I identify with the hapless brat for it so happens this penetrating analysis confirms my own long-held conviction as to the unusual qualities resident in Richard Nixon. In him, I feel, the Times and the Man were never better matched in inexorability, and I give him the edge in achieving the inexorable balance that must be established between Time and Man. Nixon's whole career indicates it is his destiny to serve.

A thousand thrilled thanks, then, for the superior sky-sweeping equipment of both *NR* and Peregrine Worsthorne of the *London Sunday Telegraph* for snagging, decoding and recording the "thin gnat voices" (for there must be others, since no thought is thought alone) and for the vicarious triumph we gnats can't help feeling that our vibrations—despite all the American static —really did make it "across the sky"—and back yet! Maybe, now, they'll stop jamming us here.

Clinton, Md. HELEN S. GERAGHTY

Nein

Let's see now, where were we? Approximately one week after my article in the April 21 issue debunking a spurious Hitler law-and-order quote ("The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might and the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order."), the Sunday newspaper supplement, *Parade* (circ. 14,000,000), ran the quote.

A letter to *Parade* editor Jess Gorkin inquiring as to the origin of the quote brought the following reply:

"The source of our information is Joachim Schonbeck of the press staff of the German Chancellery in Washington D.C. Mr. Schonbeck told us he had verified the quotation from the Institute for History of National Socialism in Munich."

A telephone call to Mr. Schonbeck elicited a short and concise answer:

"I emphatically deny verifying anything. I couldn't do it and wouldn't do it. I advised them to get in touch with the Institute. That is all."

An air-mail letter to the Institute in Munich was answered as follows by one Dr. H. Heiber:

"Unfortunately, it has not been possible for us to locate the passage in question in the speech Hitler is supposed to have made in Hamburg in 1932. In the sparse literature of the speeches made by Hitler before he took power, this speech is not to be found, nor is it available in our records. The work of Max Domarus, *Hitler: Speeches and Proclamations 1932-45*, refers to two of Hitler's speeches in Hamburg in 1932: one on March 1, in the course of the election campaign for the first run of the German presidential election, and one March 18, at a meeting of office managers. The *Voelkische Beobachter* reported on these speeches on March 3, and March 20 printed a short excerpt which, however, does not contain the passage which you quoted."

Sorry, fellows. Back to the drawing board.

Washington, D.C. JOHN D. LOFTON JR.

Boo-Boos

In his review of—rightly, if not correctly—His Imperial Majesty Otto von Habsburg's biography of Charles V [Aug. 11], Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's ascribing a birth-date of "1550" to the late-great causes a problem. You see, Charles was crowned King-Emperor two years after Luther posted his memorable Theses. And that was in 1517. Methinks Charles was born in 1500.

Maple Shade, N.J. GEORGE C. KENNEDY JR.

In "In this Issue" of August 11 it is incorrectly stated that the issue contains my first contribution to *NR*. My long-standing ambition to appear in your distinguished company was consummated on January 27, 1970. Notwithstanding the oversight, it was groovy to be between the same covers with you again.

Chapel Hill, N.C. CLYDE WILSON

August 25 issue, "For the Record": "Tydings' opponent is yet another Republican congressman, Glenn Beall." But, since the primary isn't for a month, we can't be sure can we. Please humor me, at least until September 15: speak of Tydings' *probable* opponent.

Atlanta, Ga. STEVEN HARTIN

In the July 14 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, the brief on who is writing what for that issue states Eliseo Vivas "has just retired from a long and distinguished career at Northwestern University." This statement is true, but incomplete. At the time he "retired" from Northwestern, he was enlisted as Distinguished Visiting Professor at Rockford College where he taught courses in English and Philosophy last year, will again this coming year, and we hope for many beyond that. His is not a retiring mind.

JOHN A. HOWARD
President
Rockford, Ill. Rockford College

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Beyond the Norm

In "Movies II: Chronicle" by Richard Corliss [July 28] I read "But anyone with an adventurous spirit and a strong stomach is encouraged to venture beyond the norm to *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*." Is not this the film whose director, Russ Meyer, boasted to the press (*Newsweek*, I believe) that it offers eighteen scenes of sexual intercourse? If it is a 90-minute movie, that is indeed "beyond the norm." By going to such movies, or recommending them, does one not in fact approve them?

HAROLD O. J. BROWN

Grächen, Switzerland

Reflections on Defection

Frank Meyer's analysis ["Principles and Heresies," July 28] of the possible reasons for the shift in Garry Wills' views does not seem to provide enough depth and penetration. Hidden in this reversal of a first-rate mind is a very real problem (at least as difficult as the tension between freedom and order which interests Mr. Meyer) with which the theory of American conservatism has never adequately dealt. The problem becomes plain in the fourth reason Mr. Meyer offers for Wills' defection—*viz.*, that Garry Wills has never really appreciated the spirit and values of Middle America.

Not knowing Mr. Wills personally, I shall have to accept that characterization as correct—for it seems likely to be so. But the question immediately arises whether there is any reason why American conservatism should feel any kinship with Middle America. And the answer is by no means as evident as Frank Meyer would seem to think.

For example, can we honestly say that Middle America shares—or even comprehends—the passion of a Whittaker Chambers in search of a spiritual rather than material solution to the crisis of modern society? Shall we really maintain that Middle America scorns the materialistic life? Only the insensible and unperceptive could maintain that. Even the devotion of Middle America to the freedom and liberty championed so robustly by Frank Meyer often has a selfish and materialistic ring to it.

Or again, can we honestly say that Middle America shares any of Russell Kirk's—or Garry Wills'—devotion to the life of the mind? Is it not rather profoundly anti-intellectual and unaristocratic?

It is, I suggest, facts such as these which may have led to Garry Wills' reversal. His brand of conservatism—at least insofar as I understand it from his writings—was never satisfied merely to rest content with freedom and liberty. He sought a different quality of life. He sought an ordered society in which the life of the mind would receive its due. And that he could not seem to find in modern America. Paradoxically—but, I think, quite understandably—he now finds himself pushed into advocacy of what may well be the most profoundly

(Continues on page 961)

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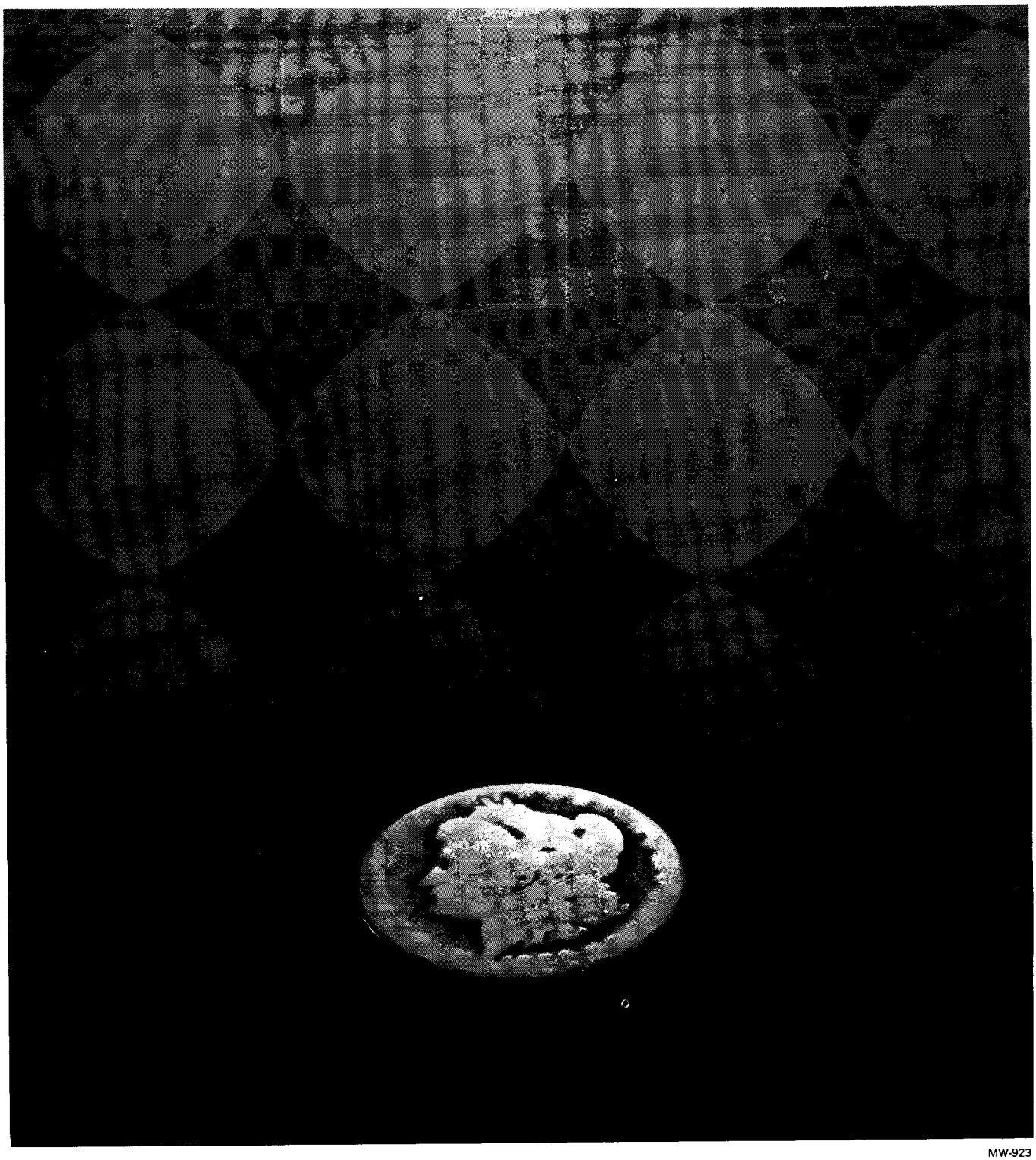

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THE WEEK

■ DEPARTMENT OF FUNNY COINCIDENCES DURING AN ELECTION YEAR: The September issue of *Esquire* carries an article by Fred Shapiro, former speechwriter for Arthur Goldberg. The title: "Arthur Goldberg, You Owe Me $587.50." Four days after the article appeared, says Leonard Lyons, Shapiro received a check from the Committee for Democratic Leadership for $587.50.

■ California's prestigious Field Poll continues to show Ronald Reagan widening his lead over Jess Unruh. Fifty per cent of all registered voters prefer Reagan, 37 per cent like Unruh, and the remaining 12 per cent are divided among don't-knows and splinter candidates. An even more impressive statistic is the apparent numerical superiority of conservatives in what was considered as recently as 1966 a Democratic state. Today, according to the poll, 45 per cent of all California voters classify themselves as conservative. The liberals have the allegiance of only 22 per cent, while 23 per cent classify themselves as middle-of-the roaders. And among this latter group Reagan shows surprising strength: middle-roaders prefer Reagan over Unruh, 46-38 per cent.

■ As if already sensing before the real fight begins that his left hook is no match for Conservative James Buckley's right cross, Republican senatorial incumbent Charles Goodell shows an increasing tendency to swing less and less from the left. Instead he is trying to duck back behind the shield of the Nixon Administration that he was scorning just a while ago. Goodell quite obviously doesn't want to come out and fight. In his most recent and, so far, his most unbelievable profession of love for the President, Goodell claims that he votes with the Administration more regularly than Barry Goldwater. Such a claim, snorts Clif White, Buckley campaign chief, is as realistic as "Joe Namath comparing himself to Cardinal Cooke because they both work on Sundays." Meanwhile, the third senatorial candidate, Democrat Richard Ottinger, still prefers to lead with his family's pocketbook. Ottinger, son of the founder of the U.S. Plywood Corporation, snared the Democratic nomination with a $2-million saturation TV ad campaign, and is planning on more of the same for this fall. At present the treasury of the Buckley camp has a long way to go to match such tactics, but Buckleyites are confident that when the gloves come off after the Labor Day weekend and New Yorkers realize that Buckley is the only solid backer of the Administration, and is in there to win this time, the funds will come rolling in.

■ It's that Lindsay quote again, the one delivered last spring before two thousand cheering students at the University of Pennsylvania: "The ones I have unending admiration for are the guys who say, 'I simply will not serve in the Army of the United States in Vietnam,' and are willing to take the consequences for it. These are the guys who are heroic." This time it's caused the VFW to vote unanimously to cancel plans to hold its 1972 convention in New York. The statement, says VFW National Commander Raymond Gallagher, was "an insult to our veterans and our men in Vietnam." All a mistake, says the Mayor's office, resorting to that classic explanation of all equivocating politicians: "It was taken out of context." Sure, John. Especially if the context has become a run for the Presidency in '72.

■ One intriguing question growing out of New York's gubernatorial race: Who's a poor honest feller like John Lindsay to support? Rocky's the candidate of John's sometime-party, but Rocky endorsed mayoral hopeful John Marchi last year. And besides, John doesn't like Rocky. Rocky's always making fun of him. Democrat Arthur Goldberg, on the other hand, endorsed John. But poor Arthur smells like a loser. And Democrat leaders are just a bit leery of John's embrace, anyhow. Goldberg needs to hold labor. And hardhats don't love Lindsay. And so, which way to jump? Well, after all, a guy can't be mayor of New York forever. And besides, the country needs him. So it will take a while, as all moral decisions do. Especially when they're in the context of a run for the Presidency in '72.

■ College presidents will find this fall, as they sweat over budget snarls, that there is, literally, a high price to pay for allowing campus violence under the guise of protest. Insurance companies are raising premium rates as much as tenfold for troubled campuses. Rutgers claims the higher rates are being rammed down the throat of academe for no good reason. The President of the American Insurance Association counters: "Violence has made the laws of probability meaningless. Insurance is based on such laws and predicated on a stable society. Obviously, now we have neither."

■ In Connecticut it's all mixed up. The victory of the Rev. Joseph Duffey over Alphonsus Donahue, the Democratic organization candidate, in the August 19 senatorial primary, was the most smashing victory the peace forces have yet scored this year. It was also a personal triumph for Duffey, the engaging 38-year-old ADA chairman, who first swam into public notice as the manager of Eugene McCarthy's campaign in Connecticut in 1968. During the primary, however, Rev. Duffey played down both his

Getting Down to Mass Tax

Reformers urge a welfare state
  And make a grandstand play for it
But seldom stop to calculate
  How much we'll have to pay for it.

CORINNA MARSH

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doveishness and his liberalism. In the next round he faces another young and personable candidate, Lowell Weicker, the Republican nominee who beat out the more conservative John Lupton with the aid of the organization in the GOP primary. Weicker was elected to Congress in 1968 as a conservative, but he has been moving left since (although not at the headlong pace of his colleague Charles Goodell). And to complicate matters, there is a third candidate, incumbent Senator Thomas Dodd, running this time as an independent. On domestic matters, Duffey and Dodd are about equally liberal and Weicker a trifle less so. Internationally Dodd is of course one of the foremost anti-Communists in the United States. Under the circumstances, if Weicker plays his cards right, he should be able to slip in. Although his record of support of the Nixon Administration on key votes is, to be charitable, spotty, there's a mighty hunger among Connecticut Republicans for a return to power after sixteen years in outer darkness.

■ Surprise of the Week (headline from the *Times*): WARSAW PACT PRAISES BONN-MOSCOW TREATY.

■ Smiling his nicest smile, Prince Sihanouk will tell you that his forces in Cambodia are being led by Hou Youn, Hu Mim and Khieu Samphan—not by Vietcong or North Vietnamese officers. The three were once leaders of the Khmer Rouge, a Cambodian Communist organization with which Sihanouk was not on friendly terms when he was in power. Not friendly at all: After an abortive Khmer Rouge uprising in 1967, according to a report by Sihanouk's secret police chief, they were executed—Hou and Hu were crushed to death by a bulldozer and Khieu was burned to death with acid. Love them playboy princes!

■ There's a bright side to pollution, according to the Russian journal *Chemistry and Life*, which describes man's breath as a mini-pollution. Russian scientists, says the journal, have found that "even nondrinkers exhale an average of seventeen milligrams of ethyl alcohol daily." Terrible news for teetotalers. But great for the rest of us. And the best argument yet for kissing.

■ Come, let us reason together. The portion of the female body lying between the ankle and the knee is a complex curve: From the narrow ankle it rises and swells gradually until the "bulge [unhappy, inapt word] of the calf" is reached. That bewitching gastrocnemial swelling diminishes rather suddenly, vanishing into the knee—a construction of less diameter. Now. When this entire structure is covered with cloth, all is well—from a hint of trim ankle, the viewer is able to *deduce* the pleasing shape that lies beyond. Quite as much, when nothing is concealed, when the cloth terminates somewhat above the knee, the eye is (barring unfortunately protuberant patellae) edified. When, however, fashion's curtain drops halfway, interrupting the view exactly at the point of the calf's maximum diameter, the result is unsatisfactory; the curve is left incomplete; the imagination supplies a continuation of what has been observed, that is, a steadily increasing diameter from mid-calf to upper thigh—no graceful incurving just south of the knee, no knee, indeed, at all. . . . From which we conclude that the flower of American womanhood ought not, should not, must not but, God help us, undoubtedly will allow itself to be dictated to by a sinister, hand-in-glove conspiracy of spoilsports.

■ Gather round for YAF's Conservative of the Year contest with big, big prizes including a $1,000 scholarship. Contest, in conjunction with YAF's anniversary party—the meeting, is in Hartford, then Sharon (both Conn.) Sept. 9-12—consists of filling out fifty true and false answers and writing a 750 to 1,000 word essay on the question: "Have the events of the past ten years verified the substance of conservative thought?" Any questions? Oh yes. For information on contest, entry blanks, etc, write to: Gary J. Brown, Student Competition Director, YAF, Dept. NG, 1221 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. Same address will get you info on the Tenth Anniversary conference.

■ Who dows what we'd do without the U.S. Food ad Drug Adbidistratiod? Id adother bold bove to protect us frob ourselves, it's withdrawd fifteed bradds of dasal spray frob the barket, od the groudds that they really dod't do ady good. Praise the Lord ad pass the Kleedex.

■ Women's Lib, take note: Angela Davis is only the third woman in American history to make the FBI's ten most wanted fugitives list.

Real Toads

Well, the fall term hasn't even started yet and already it's Bombs Away on campus. The academic analogues of Hanson W. Baldwin predict that the coming year will differ in important ways from the one just past: fewer mass demonstrations, student strikes, shutdowns—but a sharp increase in the more concentrated forms of violence: arson, bombing, a few killings. The reasoning goes this way. The strikes and demonstrations didn't accomplish anything much, many students and alumni were turned off by them, and besides everyone has grown a bit bored by the whole approach. On the other hand, the committed revolutionaries are still just as committed, more so if anything, and there has been an escalation of rhetoric which will surely demand an escalation in tactics. Two events, therefore, seem likely to provide the initial *leitmotiv* for this year's campus scene.

First, Angela Davis succeeded in making it onto the FBI's list of the ten most wanted individuals. Little Angela is a marvel to behold, so pure a crystallization of pop-revolutionism as to amount to caricature. She is black. She sports an Afro. She wears granny glasses and hangs

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Che posters on her wall. She is an avowed Communist, in the Che-Lumumba club. She has studied with the great Marcuse himself. She is a pet of the Radical Chic crowd. Amazing. But even better, the fascistic California Regents and evil old Ron were trying to prevent her from teaching philosophy at UCLA. Outrageous. *Ecrasez l'infame*. McCarthy. Dreyfus. The UCLA faculty was passing the hat to pay her salary.

Oops. It suddenly developed that the guns used in the slaughter that occurred three weeks ago in Marin County, when some criminals and/or black revolutionaries tried to break out of a courtroom, had apparently been purchased by Angela. Charged with murder, Angela took a powder. With embarrassing ease it was now possible to draw a perfectly straight line from the woolly Hegelianisms of Marcuse through the liberal fatuity and revolutionary fantasies at UCLA to the real bullets at the courthouse in Marin County. Whether Marcuse or UCLA Chancellor Young will receive the Sawed-Off Shotgun Award for 1970 remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, at Madison, Wisconsin, the phone rang in the police station at 3:40 A.M. "Hey, pig—there's a bomb in the math research building on the university campus. . . ." Two minutes later the six-story concrete building looked as if it had been hit by a V-2 rocket bomb. Demolished. Years of research and a computer destroyed. A graduate student, the father of three, blown up. Only the most recent and spectacular of the more than 4,300 bombings during the last fifteen months.

The striking thing about this revolutionary violence is that it is rooted not in concrete social grievances but almost entirely in culture—in feeling and in ideas. There is no objective revolutionary situation in the U.S. There are no serfs to free, no mass of impoverished workers, no Weimar inflation, no land-reform issue. The American "poor" aren't all that poor, and by all objective indices the Negroes are coming up fast. The revolutionary violence is not rooted in any objective reality.

The key fact is that most of the violence issues, not from the coal mine or the rice paddy or the factory, but, either directly or at one remove, from the campus. For it is there that the radical myth is generated, and largely immune from criticism, flourishes. Nor does the fact that the myth is completely false make it any less effective. In his recent memorandum to President Nixon, Alexander Heard, president of Vanderbilt and an ad hoc Nixon adviser, noted that there is a widespread belief among students that they are or are about to be "repressed." Objectively, there are fewer restraints upon them than ever before, and fewer than anywhere else in the world. But, Heard noted, the fact that their belief is false does not mean that it is not an important part of the campus reality. Similarly with other aspects of the myth: that the Panthers, or even Negroes generally, face genocide (though four times as many police have been killed as Panthers in the various shoot-outs); that the U.S. Government is a fascist imperialism (terminological precision not being the strong suit on many campuses these days); that Nixon is likely to cancel the 1972 elections, etc.

That objective reality can be so entirely displaced is frightening, but the causes are not mysterious. "The radical Left in this country," observes Norman Podhoretz in the current issue of *Commentary*, "although a relatively small movement *is* very important—but because of its enormous influence within the literary and intellectual communities and not because it is coextensive with the young, let alone the other way around." Visit the paperback rack at any campus bookstore, and you will see the myth in the process of imposition: Fanon, Cleaver, Che and Debray, Mills, Malcom X, reams of anti-Vietnam tracts. There's no need to visit a classroom, though that would be enlightening too.

Marianne Moore once remarked that poems were like real toads in artificial gardens. Real bombs and bullets are now turning up in the myth-ridden groves of academe. Judge Harold J. Hailey's head was blown off by what seems to have been Angela's real shotgun, and 33-year-old Robert Fassnacht is dead in Madison, Wisconsin because of a real, and very big, bomb.

Last Wednesday, and none too soon, Governor Ronald Reagan signed a bill providing the death penalty for a person who sets off a bomb causing serious injury. A good first step.

Garbage and The Men on the Moon

It's always astonishing when a politician tells the precise truth, even when he tells it about something everyone already knows anyhow. Witness the astonishment recently displayed by John Lindsay, for instance, when Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut stated during a session of the Senate Finance Committee that New York City is "one of the filthiest cities anywhere" and suggested that one solution to the city's problems of filth and human sloth might be to set welfare recipients to work picking up the litter. Little training is required, pointed out Ribicoff, "to pick up debris," and if the 114,000 able-bodied

Justice Burger Decides

Despite the monumental fuss,
The Justice says we'll have to bus—
Except, of course, in Buffalo,
Des Moines, Detroit or Kokomo,
New York, Ted Kennedy's Back Bay,
St. Paul or Trenton, Bath, Cape May;
Except in Hatfield's Oregon;
Except in Saginaw, Canton,
Chicago, Portland, and so forth.
Except, in other words, the North.

W. H. VON DREELE

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welfare cases would hop to it, they "could make New York City sparkle."

Lindsay, always peeved when people aren't properly worshipful, sputtered that the idea would mean a return "to the dark ages," apparently, in the Mayor's world-view, the last time people picked up their own refuse. And anyhow, even if the streets are a bit filthy, it certainly isn't John's fault. Who's to blame, then? The people who throw their garbage gaily about the city? Nope. Rockefeller? Not this time. Those Forces of Hate and Fear? Not quite. This time it's moonshots. "The reason [for the filth] is that Congress and the Federal Government has [sic] put all its [sic] tax incentives and technology to work to put man on the moon and has [sic] done absolutely nothing on the technology of environment . . . including cleaning the streets."

Well, John, there's a marvelous invention called the broom, but you're no doubt right. If it weren't for men walking on the moon, New York's streets would be spotless. Everything wrong with New York is *always* the fault of something somewhere else. And so what do we do about it? Why, we send John Lindsay to Washington, of course.

He Tarzan, She Jane

Huey Newton put his shirt back on last week and threw a big press conference. Where? At Black Panther GHQ in Oakland, California? Not on your life: At Jane Fonda's penthouse apartment on Manhattan's East Side. Newton, who awaits trial for shooting a pig, faced reporters and TV cameras sitting on one of Jane's white, green and gold antique French chairs, his image reflected in gold-framed mirrors, and held forth about our "racist judicial system," and so on, and called for demonstrations in New Haven in behalf of Lonnie McLucas, on trial there in the shooting of a stoolie. Newton promised "military" action if McLucas is convicted.

Jane, who presumably will buy Newton a tank for the military action, wore rust-red bell-bottomed slacks, white blouse and rust-and-white striped sweater, all of which went nicely with her orange and black button saying "Free the Soledad Brothers," convicts accused of killing a pig prison guard in California. Outtasight. So much for you, Lenny Bernstein.

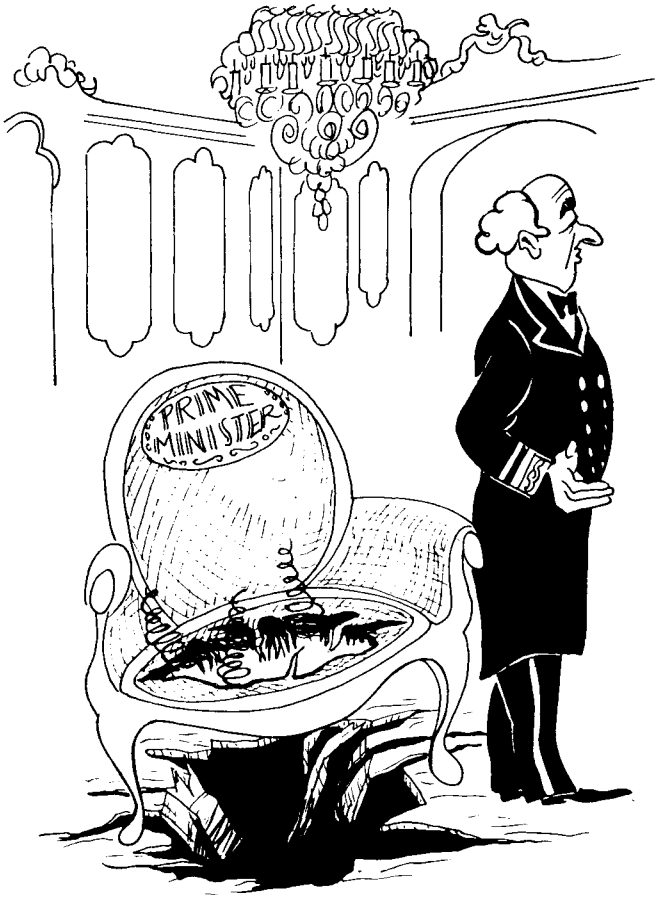
Mideastern Maze

The ceasefire in the Mideast and the start of negotiations under UN auspices appeared as if pulled suddenly out of a diplomatic hat, while the world was not looking, by a midsummer magician. We started the summer with guns blazing and the battle spreading. Before we are back from vacation, all is quiet, or almost quiet, on the Mideastern front. What happened? or, let us ask, why did the parties at interest want to stop shooting and start jawing?

1) Ultimate control over the war in the Mideast is subject to the will and power of the Soviet Union and the United States. The two superpowers cannot decree the details of Mideastern affairs, but a war on the scale that had been reached this spring cannot be conducted against the superpowers' joint veto. Neither Israel nor the United Arab Republic has the resources in arms or money for that sort of war. If, therefore, both Moscow and Washington decide they want the war to cool, it must cool—not necessarily cease altogether, but at least cut back. The decision must be reached by *both* superpowers—it takes only one of them to keep a war going. It may be added that nearly anything decided on by both Moscow and Washington would happen.

2) Both Moscow and Washington, partly for the same and partly from quite different reasons, did decide that the Mideast war would have to be cooled. One of the identical reasons was their common fear that the fighting had reached an intensity that threatened direct, therefore potentially nuclear, confrontation between themselves. Writing at the beginning of summer (*NR*, July 14), James Burnham discussed the "Pax Atomica" to which the nuclear states subscribe, and concluded: "The Middle East is about to provide a critical test of the Pax Atomica. If the Pax still holds, the two superpowers, in parallel if not converged acts, will prevent the present Mideast war from generalizing much further." The outcome of the test shows that the Pax does hold.

3) Both Moscow and Washington—and in this case, Israel and her Arab neighbors also—share another compelling motive. They all fear the potential of the extreme



Backes, *Nuernberger Nachrichten*, Germany — Ben Roth Agency

"Mr. Colombo, your seat is ready."

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Now . . . for the first time ever . . . Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s outstanding new book, "The Governor Listeth" can be yours, FREE!

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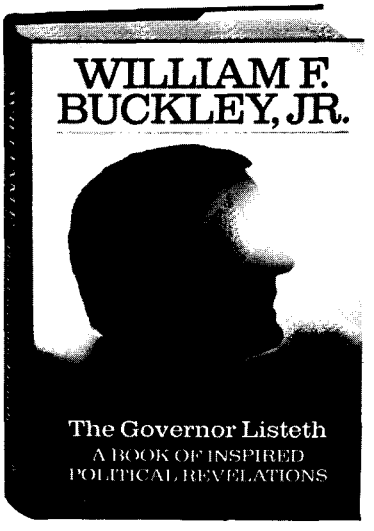

COMBAT is the hard-hitting anti-Communist newsletter published by *National Review*, Inc. It gives you the facts about the people and organizations behind today's bombings, riots, demonstrations (peaceful and violent). Current issues of COMBAT have reported on the leftist background of a recent New York City congressional primary winner, the targeting of the N.Y.C. Police Headquarters for bombing (three months before it happened!), police failure to act in Asbury Park rioting, social and entertainment figures supporting the Black Panthers, plus regular reports on the SDS, Communist front organizations, and other groups posing a threat to America's security. You can't find COMBAT's inside information in the regular news media (COMBAT has also documented the biased news coverage of the TV networks), and COMBAT's crisp, easy-to-read newsletter format offers easy access to the latest news from the national and international revolutionary fronts. (The Washington Evening Star reports that COMBAT is part of President Nixon's newsreading.) And there isn't a better time than *now* to start reading COMBAT. You'll get a comprehensive, up-to-date report on today's fast-breaking headlines and you'll also get Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s brand new book FREE with this offer.

COMBAT alone offers you this big, $7.95 new book FREE with your order! Subscribe now to COMBAT at no more than the regular yearly rate of $24.00 and you'll receive immediately a FREE and postpaid copy of "The Governor Listeth." Just fill out and mail the postpaid card opposite this page. Please act now, book supply is limited.

This is the book that everyone's been waiting for! Bill Buckley's new book, "The Governor Listeth" is filled with fascinating Buckley reading and many critics agree that it contains some of his best writing ever. Here you have Buckley the debater, social critic, music expert, conservative spokesman, and deft political analyst . . . He covers an amazing range of subjects: public schools, religion, civil disobedience, our allies, Russia, the war (much of it written on-the-spot in Vietnam and Laos), Buckley's own recounting of his famous confrontation with Gore Vidal, Rock, the blacks, even sailing!; the list goes on and on. Just published, "The Governor Listeth" is already a best seller! Here is what columnist James J. Kilpatrick said after reading "The Governor Listeth":

> "This new book by Mr. Buckley, like the happily urbane man behind it, is pure delight. That is to say, it is pure delight if your taste runs to conservative thought, perfectly blended, skillfully served. On our side of the ideological fence, Buckley at his best beats all the rest of us at our best. And that makes him Numero Uno."

This big (450 pp.) book is now selling at book stores for $7.95, but it's yours FREE with your COMBAT order.

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Peterson, *Vancouver Sun*, Canada — Ben Roth Agency

Fiddlers on the Roof

Palestinian organizations. The governments in Amman, Beirut and Cairo, and the regional interests of Moscow and Washington, are all threatened by the Palestinians. War at this spring's intensity and breadth favors the growth of the most extreme of the fedayeen.

4) For both the Soviet Union and the United States, the war was getting to be awfully expensive. The cost to the U.S. economy includes, of course, the drain of hundreds of millions yearly in gifts and grants to Israel from private U.S. citizens.

5) The Soviet Union had additional reasons of its own: the wish to get the Suez Canal open for more convenient passage of its burgeoning global navy; the undesirability of having trouble in the Mideast when lots of attention must be paid to the Far Eastern front. And Moscow can figure it hasn't anything much to lose from going along with a ceasefire-and-talk interlude, whatever comes of it. The Soviet Union knows it has now established its presence in the Mideast and the Mediterranean, and is not going to be pushed out.

6) The U.S. on its side was being crowded into a corner, and losing all flexibility for either political or military maneuver. It was still stuck in Southeast Asia. All the Mediterranean nations on both the African and European coasts, except for Greece (yes, Greece, Senator Javits), had informed Washington that the Sixth Fleet could not use their ports if it got into the Mideast fighting. The public identification of the U.S. with Israel was wrecking what remained of the American political position in the Arab world, and endangering the American oil interests.

7) Given the parallel decisions of Moscow-Washington, Israel and the UAR (hence also Jordan) had to go along. But they were probably not too unwilling, for all their bluster in public. Israel is coming to realize that in the case of perpetual large-scale fighting its strategic outlook, in economic as well as military terms, is hopeless. Nasser knows his regime probably could not last indefinitely if the war goes endlessly on; his economic situation is dreadful; and he is not happy with the fact that one inevitable consequence of continuing large-scale fighting is to give the Russians more and more control over him and his government.

8) There is one very fundamental difference between the present relations of Moscow and Washington to the Mideast. The Soviet Union, as has been remarked above, can't lose from this ceasefire episode, whether or not a deal is made. From developments of the past few years the Soviet Union has made lasting gains in the Middle East and the Mediterranean. But the reverse holds for the U.S., which has suffered lasting losses. Whether peace comes or the war resumes, the Sixth Fleet will no longer be the unchallenged master of the Mediterranean. It will be possible to counter Soviet influence over the Arab countries more effectively if peace comes than if the war resumes, but Soviet influence is in the region to stay. Though it loses either way, it seems reasonably clear that on net the U.S. will lose less if the war is ended or at least reduced to minor actions; with a skilful policy and luck, peace might even permit some positive American gains later on. The U.S. has therefore more reason than the Soviet Union to want an end to the war. This is quite probably why the U.S. took the primary initiative in bringing about the ceasefire.

9) And, finally, there is Senator Fulbright. The scourge of the Arrogance of Power, scorner of World Policemen, crusader against "over-commitment," watchdog of the Military, arises suddenly to tell the nation in 15,000 words that we, the U.S., should formally and by treaty guarantee Israel's 1967 borders—guarantee them, under the sanction of U.S. military action, against incursions by the Arab powers and excursions by Israel. His proposal—which assumes an agreed settlement of the refugee problem—grants the Arab states their territorial demands while at the same time giving Israel the security that has been the stated aim of its military expansion. Senator Fulbright has been the Nixon Administration's most persistent and most bothersome critic. But strange things happen in politics. Is it just possible that Senator J. William Fulbright, this time, was lifting a trial balloon for President Richard M. Nixon?

Hitting Back

Writing in the current issue of the *New York Review of Books*, our favorite vaudeville team of Wolin and Schaar (Sheldon S. and John H.) do a turn or two on the horrors of life in fascist California. There is even, would you believe it, complain W&S, opposition to the radical Left developing *inside* the university. "More ominous," they write, more ominous, that is, than the Regents, "there are signs that an organization of faculty members is being formed to seek ways of ridding the campuses of faculty troublemakers, even if they are tenured members. As one of their spokesmen put it, the position of the academic community is much the same as that of the business com-

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munity in the Thirties: it has developed abuses which it cannot remedy by itself and hence government intervention is justified."

Confirmation of the worst fears of Wolin and Schaar comes in the following letter from a friend on a West Coast campus:

"There are two things going on here, more or less. A group of former liberals has been collected and calls itself the Committee to Defend the Campus. The purpose is to stop reconstitution of classes, prevent the capture of departments by radicals, obstruct the appointment of a liberal chancellor, discipline those who break the rules and begin a new order of cooperation with duly constituted authority. High degree of success on all fronts.

"The liberal faculty establishment has been served notice that we won't put up with their sympathy for radicals, that they will have to report and act on infractions of academic freedom. More important, we have effectively blocked the appointment of a left ideologue as dean. This has aroused the opposition, who are responding with the usual weapons of the turned-on Left: ostracism, gossip, cancelation of cocktail invitations, and the higher forms of slander. . . . We began as amusing rightist cranks, and are now seen as real incendiaries. It is better to be feared than loved. . . .

"The group I hang out with now are real torpedoes. Former liberals and incipient conservatives who have had it up to here with the Thing. They've laid it all on the line: promotion, polite society, public reputation, departmental power. Bunch of bloody piranhas in the goldfish pond. . . ."

A Day in the Life

He had been kicked in the Head by a Mule when young and believed everything he read in the Sunday Papers.
—George Ade

K awakens carefully, takes a careful breath, sits carefully up in bed, looks carefully around his walk-up apartment. He turns on the radio and strains to hear—the volume is kept at the lowest possible level lest he contribute to Noise Pollution, the billions of decibels that daily pound city-dwellers' ears, turning delicate membranes into leather. K's favorite station broadcasts news, nothing but news, news 24 hours a day. The voice reports hopeless traffic congestion on all highways and bridges. This does not affect K, who owns no automobile, unsafe at any speed, source of 60 to 80 per cent of urban air pollution. Subways are running hours late, says the voice. K no longer uses the subways, lest he be mangled in a collision, trapped forever in a tunnel under some greasy river. . . . Taxes are up, stocks are down. K no longer participates in these things.

Bulletin! The city's Environmental Protection Agency reports air pollution at the "dangerous" level, up from yesterday's "unhealthy." K checks quickly—yes, all openings around doors and windows are neatly stuffed with old rags. But what *kind* of pollution does the Agency mean? Particulate matter? Carbon monoxide? Sulfur dioxide? Some deadly about-to-be-discovered gas capable of penetrating any defense? One never has enough facts, never knows. . . . Routine news now—strikes of truck drivers, meat cutters, freight handlers, toll collectors, bell ringers; racial violence ending here, starting there, coming soon everywhere; demonstrations planned today by the Men's, Women's, Children's, Transvestites' and Old Folks' Liberation Fronts; Crisis on the Crime in the Death of the Campus Streets American Dream, got a headache try this!

He tiptoes to the door and listens at the keyhole. No footsteps, no breathing; one by one he undoes chains, latches, Fox Police Locks. Open the door—*quickly*—grab the *Times*, snatch it in, SLAM the door and lock it, lock it, lock it. . . . He collapses in the chair, heart pounding, chest heaving. Recovered, he reads his paper by the dim light filtering through the window with its thick wire screen, iron bars, arrangement of burglar-alarm tape. The lamp is for emergencies only—every milliwatt-second of electricity consumed is an agony for K, whose mind's eye sees yellow smoke belching from stacks, fish boiled alive by heated water from nuclear generators, grim dispatches: "The nationwide blackout was triggered when K, a resident of New York City, plugged in his Waring Blendor. . . ."

The *Times* brings no joy. How many trees chopped down and pulped? Townships of trees, counties of them, whole congressional districts doomed into dustbowls so the *Times* can tell K: FOUR DEAD IN THIRD DAY OF L.A. SMOG . . . TWITCHELL'S WARBLER FEARED EXTINCT . . . SEN. CARP WARNS OF ICE-CAP PERIL . . . EVIDENCE HINTS GARBAGE GLUT FELLED BABYLON. Buried in the back pages, a frightening item: RESEARCHERS FIND CHEWING GUM-EPILEPSY LINK. At once K adds chewing gum to the list of the forbidden—cigarettes (cancer), liquor (cirrhosis), diet soda (cyclamates), undiet soda (cavities), yogurt (cataracts), fruits and vegetables (insecticides), dairy products (cholesterol), fish (mercury poisoning), meat and poultry (improperly inspected slaughterhouses), tap-water (you name it). K eats only organically grown unpolished brown rice, drinks nothing but water brought him, at $5 a bottle, by a little man who knows the location of an unpolluted spring.

More Free Advice for Mr. Nixon

Finch now talks to Nixon often and long . . .
—Wall Street Journal

Old pals are swell for summer drinks
Or putting, evenings, on the links.
They're great on weekends with the boys:
But when it comes to plotting ploys,
Please stick with Martha Mitchell's man
Lest you become an also-ran.

W. H. VON DREELE

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His newspaper occupies most of the day. When he has finished it, he adds it to the heap of papers that, lest it be he who strains the city's disposal facilities to the breaking point, occupies half the room. Now he worries: Soon he must leave the apartment to collect his unemployment check. (K has not worked for some months now. It is unsafe to work, what with people planting bombs.) But not today. There are muggers about, uncurbed dogs, vagrant bacilli; cornices have been known to fall from high buildings; he might glimpse a woman clad in the skin of a Threatened Species, might be thought a vagrant because of his own tatters, unwashed now for weeks lest phosphates murder the Atlantic.

The radio again. Ah! Hurricane Maud has boiled up out of the Caribbean, beating northward up the coast. And so as night comes K sits in the dying light in slicker and hip boots, umbrella at the ready, and hears the winds howling off Hatteras.

Good-bye Gore?

"Good-bye Gore," that's how the bumper stickers were telling it along the blistering hot roads of Tennessee in the hectic weeks before the primary as dozens of candidates crisscrossed the state bringing their message and, in some cases, their music, to the people.

Even the Senator feared that message might be true. "If I win by a narrow margin," he told a Nashville audience a few nights before the primary, "I will be a dead duck in November, but if I have a substantial victory it will give us the momentum we need."

When the votes were counted, it was neither. Gore had beaten out his conservative Democratic opponent Hudley Crockett by thirty thousand votes, which is more than a narrow margin, but it was hardly a resounding victory. And Gore had a lot going for him. He has served in Congress for 32 years. He had spent nearly $700,000 on TV and radio spots and his opponent had got into the race late—in May. And yet, in the field of four, Crockett had pulled 45 per cent of the vote to 50 per cent for Gore. And it was Crockett's first try for public office.

Crockett's pitch was that he was a conservative and that Gore was not. He played up Gore's opposition to President Nixon's Vietnam policy, his votes against ABM and for compulsory integration, most particularly his votes against the appointments of Clement Haynsworth and Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court.

In trying to account for Gore's disappointing showing his aides pointed out that there was a massive crossover of Republican voters who wanted at Gore just as soon as they could and weren't ready to wait for November. But this in itself spells bad news for Gore in November.

He'll be facing Congressman Bill Brock, an attractive, energetic and conservative supporter of Richard Nixon, in a state in which the Republican Party has been moving up like Dancing Lady in the stretch. In 1968, for instance, the Republican Party carried Tennessee for Nixon, elected four Republican congressmen, and won the state house of representatives. In the August 6 primary vote, nearly one-third of those turning out voted the Republican line—a much larger GOP vote than usual—and that doesn't include those Republicans who voted for Crockett. Brock coasted to an easy victory over country-western singer Tex Ritter and the most conservative of the GOP candidates, Dr. Winfield Dunn, scored a stunning victory in a field of four in the gubernatorial primary.

Back in 1968, Tennessee gave 38 per cent of its votes to Richard Nixon, 34 per cent to George Wallace, and 28 per cent to Hubert Humphrey which means that if Gore is to beat Brock he's going to have to get lots and lots of those Wallace votes. And that, with his record, will be hard. In the August 6 primary those Democrats who dislike Gore could vote for Crockett. In November if they feel strongly enough about Gore's policies they'll have to bolt the party as so many of them did in 1968 and go all the way with William Brock.

Notes & Asides

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was greatly amused by your "bargain" offer to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW.

As an old and former subscriber of your excellent magazine, I agree that you don't have to offer any special inducement to sell a provocative and well-written book. I have, however, one useful suggestion which will, hopefully, contribute to the success of your magazine:

FIRE THE HEAD OF YOUR CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT—even if he happens to be your brother-in-law!!

I can hear you say, "And, why this radical suggestion?" Read on . . .

Approximately three years ago, for some unknown reason, I stopped receiving NATIONAL REVIEW. I received no invitation to renew; no letter that advised me that my standing in the community had deteriorated to the point where I was not permitted to receive this magazine! I had not joined the Communist Party and wasn't called before the Subversive Board!! Somebody just decided to quit sending the magazine!!

My letters of inquiry were not answered!! I bought NATIONAL REVIEW at the newsstand and kept tearing out the cards inside which solicited a subscription. Alas—absolutely no response!

Now, I receive an offer from the top man himself.

Would you like to bet a $25 "South Coast Snatch-block" that this time I get my NATIONAL REVIEW?!? As a sailor, I am sure you will agree that sometimes they come in handier than a bottle of Scotch!

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With kindest regards and wishes for good health and fair breezes!

Your fellow conservative sailor, Dean T. Parker

Dear Mr. Parker: Wherever you are; or anybody who knows Dean Parker.

This must stop. However—how can I stop it? You neglected to put your return address on your letter or on your envelope. —ED.

■ From *Advertising Age,* April 27, a survey of the average length of time it takes a new subscriber to get the first issue of a magazine (a selection):
American Home (92 days), *Argosy* (36), *Art News* (49), *Atlantic* (36), *Atlas* (46), *Better Homes & Gardens* (80), *Boy's Life* (50), *Esquire* (81), *Family Handyman* (166), *Field and Stream* (44), *Fortune* (35), *Good Housekeeping* (49), *Harper's Bazaar* (106), *Harper's* (35), *High Fidelity* (42), *Holiday* (51), *Ladies' Home Journal* (133), *Life* (25), *Look* (60), *McCall's* (56), NATIONAL REVIEW (15), *New York* (25), *Newsweek* (15), *Reader's Digest* (37), *Redbook* (105), *Saturday Review* (30), *Sports Illustrated* (15), *Time* (16), *TV Guide* (32).

■ Dear Bill: Where is my piece on Country music?*
Best, John Greenway

Dear John: I'll talk to Priscilla about it. Best, Bill

Dear Bill:
No, no, no, Bill; you don't want to talk to *Priscilla* about my Country Music piece; you want to talk to the *linotypist* about it. The linotypist, I say; he's that fellow who sits at the keyboard of that great absurd machine that nevertheless turns mss into printed material so that poor underprivileged writers CAN GET THEIR STUFF IN PRINT AND PAID FOR. If you don't, I shall stop pulling my forelock every time I think about you and pull out my pen and write a devastating letter to *NR* about McSloy and that crazy (in our old-fashioned meaning) piece about Rock.

I have been telling my students that the next issue of *NR* will have my Country piece in it, and they, poor trusting souls (like myself) have been buying copies of the *NR.* Obviously, we cannot in conscience let that sort of thing go on, now, can we?

That is the *linotypist,* right? Not Priscilla, who for all her being a charming girl (I have spoken to her several times), is not the person who should have the mss. The *linotypist.* John Greenway

**Published in the August 11 issue of* NATIONAL REVIEW.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

This letter is called, "My Greatest Idea and How the World Would Prophit From It," and my uncle told me to tell you, even though I am only ten.

When you or I think about it, the world has so many, many problems that can be solved with money. Take, for instance, the war in Vietnam or the poverty-stricken poor people. They can all be helped with money, can't they? Money causes a lot of trouble and money is what my idea is all about.

It first came to me at dinner, what would the world do without money? I will now procede to explain my idea now in great depth, as I did in my conservation with my parents.

As I thought thinking I asked my mother and father what they thought would happen if we took away all money in the U.S. and stopped its minting and stopped all trade and barter. What would happen then? We all knew, the U.S. would fall apart, of course. Then I asked them why not have everything free? The U.S. could get rid of money it made and make a law against having it. Everyone would support one-another. Stores would give food out free. Even the War in Vietnam could be helped. The guns that cost so much wouldn't cost anything, they (the men in Vietnam) would receive them free of cost. Next my father asked me what I meant when I said everyone would support one-another? I gave him an example. I said the man who owned the Stop and Shop wouldnT let a man have a bunch of bananas eventhough he was working with the town electric company, so the guy who worked for the electric company shut off the owners electricity. When the owner gave him the bananas the other guy turned back on his electricity. Meaning what my mother asked. Meaning that everybody would have to depend on one-another, for support I said. But, my father said, what would happen if a person was lazy and didn't work as much as he should?

Well, I said, I think if I was President then, I would try to pass a law to elect overseerers for each different company in the U.S. so that everyone would do thier fair share.

Then my mother asked what would prevent people from taking too much food from stores. Well if I was President I would try to pass a law stating that people could have only a limeted number of groceries and other items.

Of course, I reaminded my parents at the end of our disscussion, an idea like mine would be almost impossible to pass a law or something like that and also that it would take alot of convincing to change the minds of so many people but if worst came to worst it might help our country immensly in many possible ways.

So you see how everything would reduce its compecity without any money or bills to worry about.

Peter W. Stoops

Dear Peter: Your talents as a ghostwriter are needed. Apply to nearest Democratic Party. Best, —*WFB*

■ Notes to Our Readers: The Summer issue of the *University Bookman,* ready for press in early July, has been delayed by a prolonged strike at the printer's. It will be printed and mailed just as soon as the strike is over.

In answer to the dozens of letters of inquiry: The address of the League of Families of American Prisoners Missing in Southeast Asia is: 1 Constitution Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20002. —**WFB**

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CATO

GROUNDING THE HIJACKERS

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Will airplane hijackings bring a relaxation of emigration restrictions in Communist countries? The thought that they may is being repeated by sources close to the State Department. Hijackings in the Western Hemisphere are now so common as to be unremarkable, but hijackings from Eastern Europe have increased strikingly recently. Polish hijackers have been particularly inventive in bringing East European airliners to landings in Austria, Italy and West Germany.

As American airlines have discovered to their sorrow, hijackings are an expensive proposition. In fact, recent FAA guidelines for the prevention of hijackings were drawn up as much in response to cries of economic distress from the airlines as to prevent emotional distress to passengers. As hijackings increase in Eastern Europe, the economic squeeze on the state-financed carriers could increase, thereby causing some slight relaxation of new-stringent exit controls.

Washington theorists detect a change in the Communist attitude toward emigration over the past two years. The Soviet Union has made occasional moves toward the discreet expulsion of particularly outspoken members of the literary community, on the theory that some of the people sent to the West by the Soviets would be as much trouble to their new hosts as they would be embarrassments to the Soviet Union.

Soviet thinking coincides curiously with American thinking on this point, though to a lesser degree. The United States has been investigating seriously for the past fourteen months a series of flights for militant would-be expatriates. Under-the-counter contact with Havana, however, has revealed little enthusiasm in Cuba for such flights for three reasons: 1) hijackings are still marginally embarrassing to the U.S.; 2) Cuba derives some revenue from fees paid by hijacked planes; and 3) Havana is not all that eager to have many more militants come to Cuba than already get there by hijacking.

The militancy of the would-be hijacker makes him a danger to life and property in both the Communist bloc and in the West. And with the potential of an increase in hijackings, diversions, and other harassment of aircraft in the Middle East getting more serious daily, sources in Washington believe that some accord between East and West on the hijacking issue may be forthcoming in the next eighteen months.

ADMINISTRATION campaign strategists are openly discounting the impact of student canvassers on the November elections for several very good reasons. The number of universities granting time off to students who wish to work for peace candidates has stayed small, partly because of alumni pressure and partly because of threatened lawsuits.

When Princeton initiated a wave of two-week closure announcements in the spring, Capitol Hill regulars resigned themselves to an inundation of student campaigners at the end of the autumn. And the universities protected themselves by properly stating that the time taken off in November would be made up elsewhere. Now the theory of time-to-be-made-up-elsewhere is crumbling. One GOP congressman told his AA, "A lot of the students don't want to have Christmas cut short so their friends can go politicking."

The more serious problem for colleges that had seemed enthusiastic about closing is that of public reaction. The Republican National Committee has reported widespread disapproval among segments of the professional community, often one of the richest sources of money for hard-pressed college budgets. And a number of colleges and universities have tacitly admitted the rightness of what is now called in Washington the "disenfranchisement theory," which postulates that college students who are released to campaign are in effect disenfranchising other voters, who do not have the same option. The theory has been circulating in Washington for several months; it is credited by some observers to Vice President Agnew. GOP strategists are not very worried, even if hordes of students do enter the campaign, since the more tied-down "straight" voter will resent the student's freedom to work all day in a way that most voters (with jobs) can't.

THE IMPENDING APPOINTMENT of former congressman Armistead Selden (R., Ala.) to a top job in the International Security Affairs section of the Defense Department has mixed political implications. Rumors that Selden will replace Assistant Secretary G. Warren Nutter are unfounded, though Nutter may well at some time return to the academic world. Selden's title and specific job are still being discussed. Press reports two weeks ago suggested that he would be made Deputy Assistant Secretary, but the question is still open.

What may be impeding the Selden appointment is that Selden ran against Senator James Allen (D., Ala.) and lost. Sources close to Allen, a conservative friend of the Administration, indicate that the Senator has considerable respect for Selden—"benevolent neutrality." Therefore there is some reluctance on Allen's part to give a green light for the appointment. Both Republicans and Democrats in the Alabama House delegation are backing the appointment solidly, but Allen's office is mildly miffed. Said one House source, "Allen would like to be asked, and he hasn't."

The prospective appointment has helped the Administration's relations with nervous Southern Democrats. Some Southerners see the move as a precedent which might be applicable in other cases. With the Democratic nomination not nearly so safe a guarantee of election as it has been, Southern Democrats are grateful to see a Republican Administration take care of capable Southerners who have left Congress. □

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JAMES BURNHAM

MANDATE RUNNING OUT

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

New Statesman is one of Britain's most influential magazines. It probably ranks second among the weeklies, behind the *Economist* but ahead of *Spectator*, which has lagged in recent years. Its point of view is what we would call "liberal" or "left-liberal." In economics it is somewhat more socialist, perhaps, but an American liberal can feel at home with its opinions, rhetoric and moral outlook. In electoral politics *New Statesman* is a staunch supporter of the Labor Party, though of course sternly critical, in the liberal way, of the sins of the Labor leadership between elections.

The leading article in *NS*'s issue of August 7 is entitled "Who Has the Last Word?" and begins: "Even in British politics, there are some unmentionable truths. If democracy worked in an Athenian sense, this country would still exercise the death penalty, flog young criminals, forbid abortion, repatriate [colored] immigrants, punish homosexuals, ban strikes and abolish aid to poorer countries. But all these decisions would be opposed by the majority of those who consider themselves both radicals and democrats." Having disclosed these "unmentionable truths," *NS* tidies them up a bit—"We resolve the paradox by the theory of delegated democracy"—but finishes bluntly: "Better the liberal elitism of the statute book that the reactionary populism of the market place."

A Great Beast

NS is a sensitive, authentic spokesman for "radicals and democrats" and (we may add) liberals and not a few who tag themselves Tory or Republican. In their name *NS* is declaring ideological and political bankruptcy. *NS* is affirming that its views are in basic opposition to the settled opinions and wishes of the majority of the voters, but that nevertheless its views should prevail. *NS* is thus formally abandoning government of, by and for the people.

The appeal to "the theory of delegated democracy" is a sophism. Within the radical, democratic and liberal tradition, the function of delegated democracy (representative government) has never been conceived to be that of thwarting the will of the people. We have a delegated rather than direct ("Athenian") democracy partly from administrative necessity, partly to insure government against sudden and passing shifts in mass sentiment that do not express the long-term will and interests of the majority. *NS* is echoing the frankly anti-democratic Dr. Johnson: "Your people, sir, is a great beast."

All radical, democratic, progressive, populist and liberal political movements in the modern world have proclaimed or assumed the supremacy of the popular will. They have not only held that the people *should* prevail; when vigorous and expanding, each has insisted that by giving it command of the government, the people—the will and interests of the great majority—*will* prevail. Each in one sense or another claims to "represent" the will and interests of the people. Sometimes we must take a roundabout course to reach the ideological result. A strict Marxian group, for example, begins by asserting itself to be "a party of the working class," but we soon learn that this means, of "the overwhelming majority of mankind." If not all workers recognize their representative at the moment, this is because their vision has been clouded by capitalist-dominated miseducation. In due course their eyes will open, classes will disappear, and "the international party will be the human race."

Actually, it is not only the movements of the Left that claim to express the people's will and interests. With doctrines of divine and hereditary right out of historical fashion, *all* vigorous political movements do so. In an epoch that admits only "the will of the people" as a principle of legitimacy, it could not be otherwise: only if my party expresses that will does it have a right to rule. Thus the National Socialists expressed (they asserted) the will, interest and destiny of the German *volk* as against the Jewish exploiters and the traitors. And Nixon-Agnew Republicans express the will of the Silent Majority—a remarkable ideological feat, since to the extent that the majority is silent, its will cannot be known.

Now, suddenly, *NS* admits that it, and the party and movement with which it is associated, do not express the will of the majority, are in fact in direct opposition to the majority will on the important issues. What is symptomatically even more significant, *NS* indicates that this opposition is not something temporary that is going to be overcome by public education and experience, but is a now-permanent fact of social life.

Here's Your Hat, What's Your Hurry?

Is this not manifestly a declaration of political bankruptcy, an abdication? *NS* is saying: by our own basic democratic premises, we do not have the right to rule. We cannot administer a government of, by and for the people. We can govern only as an elite that jockeys itself into dominion *over* the people.

NS, in this wonderfully revealing confession, has only put more strikingly and openly ideas that have been rumbling for the past several years in the writing and talk of American liberals of both political parties. On racial problems, foreign policy, law and order, schools, sex, "national priorities," etc. etc., the enlightened ideas of the liberal elite are incompatible with the reactionary populism of the marketplace. Our liberals, like their European cousins, have lost their self-confidence and thus their confidence in their political mission. Their will to power, which every governing class must possess, becomes inverted into self-hatred, and the self-hatred becomes externalized as hatred of the nation that is disowning them. □

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THE RACE FOR SURVIVAL

There's one born every minute, said Barnum;
at least, says Mr. Moses, and he's not talking about overpopulation.
Thoughts on the Great Environment Battle,
as a leading source of air pollution

Bomb Shelters, Arks and Ecology

ROBERT MOSES

An Act of Congress in 1957 sought to establish a Civil Defense Department to build bomb shelters. The Luce and other publications ardently supported this program. So did foundations, savants and scientists. Every home, the ballyhoo said, must, at the imminent risk of extinction, build a combined bombproof basement shelter, rathskeller and rumpus room to dive or crawl into on the alarm and pray in until the all-clear sounded. The cost, they said, would be thirty billions. It was one of those journalistic crusades into which Harry Luce would throw himself with missionary zeal reminiscent of the white rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland* or of Dante's *Inferno*.

One would have thought we were in the south of England in 1940 after the retreat from Dunkirk. Sean O'Casey, the great Irish writer, living then in Totnes, near Plymouth, told the story inimitably in *Sunset and Evening Star*:

> . . . There had been straight talks and runabout arguments as to where lay the best place to crouch should an air-raid come. A safe, strong hiding-hole. No use to go into a church, for sanctuary had lost its meaning; altar rails or altar horns were no damned good now. Even the bird sanctuaries might suffer. Some said the coal-cellar, some said under the stairs, a few poor minds said under a table. Hoosh the cat from under the table. One thing was laid down as a law—always be behind a wall and always keep away from the windows, for they had become mad, magic casements, opening out on to a terrible death. Some built Hans Anderson shelters at the ends of their little gardens, damp, unhealthy holes, more dangerous than the bombs themselves. Under the kitchen in the O'Casey house was a cellar about as big as a double and a single bed, laid side by side. The floor was of earth, moist and maggoty, giving out a musty smell. This they tried to strengthen by a few uprights and struts; covered the floor with straw and the straw with canvas; added a few kitchen chairs, cushions, set up a shelf on the wall for a jug of water, biscuits and some sweets for the children, with a pack of cards for a possible game. The cellar was reached from the outside by a number of steep, slippery steps of firebrick, requiring great caution and some gift of balancing when descending them; but to get to these it would be necessary to circle half the house. Experience told them that in the haste of an air-raid it would be quite easy to break a neck. It wouldn't do; Sean had a lame leg for a week after trying a quick descent. So a trapdoor was cut out of the kitchen floor, and a roughly-made step-ladder brought them down from the kitchen into the mouldy and miserable place that wouldn't make a decent tomb. There, then, was this handsome zone of security waiting for them when the tense moments of a bomb-raid came flooding over them. Safety right beneath their feet. Now thank we all our God with hearts and hands and voices!

This happened to the O'Caseys seventeen years after the Second World War and before Harry Luce electrified the country with his shelter scheme. With the roar of the Stukas overhead, the bomb shelters described by O'Casey had to be underpinned and made escapable, but in the United States in 1957 there was no such emergency, and the stimulated need was supported by nothing more than scare headlines and the clink of counterfeit coin. Some saps fell for it for awhile. Apologists say that we don't do things that way, but we do under the guise of philanthropy, patriotism, love of nature and the struggle for survival. Such movements show that the world is full of potential joiners who make impulsive commitments to high-sounding causes which take no time, cost nothing, involve no sacrifice and can be abandoned at will.

Today the rage is ecology, environment, pollution and ekistics and it will last just about as long as the shelter brainstorm. The flourishing term ekistics, which sounds like a byword and a hissing, was invented by a Greek planner called Doxiadis. It is not in the standard Greek dictionaries and seems to stem from a word for house. Ecosystem has just managed to crawl into Webster. As Professor Parkinson would say, language must expand to meet the needs of more experts.

After ekistics will come abortion, backbone transplants, pot, plankton breakfast food, idea art, marijuana parties, controlled population, equal rights for women, transparent ballet costumes, invisible bikinis, Israeli Old Home Week, harnessing the Jordan, the preservation of the Old Moulmein Pagoda, habitat housing, be kind to vultures week and Beatle music.

Prohibition, sponsored by earnest

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fanatics, was repudiated after an exhaustive trial. The bomb shelter program was abandoned by its sponsors after a few weeks. The exploiters played on escape, fright and terror, and lost. Ecological hysteria may last a year, but not much more.

In precisely the same publications which insisted that all of us must build rabbit warrens underground on penalty of mutilation and extinction, we now learn that you can't be serious about the environment without being a revolutionary. Why are these pundits any more trustworthy about environment than they were about shelters?

Consider the grand ecology campaign and supreme environmental offensive which is taking the country by storm. Ecology is simply landscape architecture on a grand scale. It has been well-defined as the beautiful and efficient adaptation of land to human use. Beauty and use are compatible and can be reconciled. This truth is often forgotten by radical ecologists and conservationists.

Up in their Ivory Tower, known in the classics as the "thinkery," the planners have established fantastically equipped, endowed and underwritten laboratories where the big thinking on man's relation to environment and his war against death by pollution is being done. Here theory, philosophy, law and political strategy are distilled and will be marketed.

The End of Humor

The planners already predict drastic regulation of the population by law to insure a future stable, comfortable, balanced society and economy. This consummation will be arrived at on the basis of scientific, impartial, unbiased study of long-haired, bewhiskered, sideburned experts who will of course be completely divorced from politics, extraneous considerations and conflicts of interest. Soon, however, the experts will run up lightning rods and study help wanted ads. Don't think you can frighten the average American go-getter with bogeys of overpopulation. He believes in growth as proof of progress and regards the new census as the Book of Revelation. You may appeal to his latent idealism, but you won't intimidate him.

The ecological eyrie looks more and more like the Tower of Babel with its confusion of tongues. What with philosophers, prophets, researchers, swamis, gurus, medicine men, law givers, old men with visions and young men with dreams, we wonder who is calling the shots. At the beginning we heard fire, smoke and commandments, but now hear bearded muezzins mournfully calling the few remaining hours before the end of the world.

A leading metropolitan paper came out on a recent Sunday morning with a scare headline article entitled "The Case against Man." The gravamen of the charge is that man is spreading like terminal cancer over the globe. The author says that before long we shall reach that dead-end. He ends with this prediction: "At the rate we are going, without birth control, then even if science serves us in an absolutely ideal way, we will reach the planetary high-rise with no animals but man, with no plants but algae, with no room for even one more person. . . ."

A loose-tongued candidate for United States Senator from New York livens his campaign by broadcasting that treated sludge dumped twenty miles in the Atlantic Ocean off Sandy Hook in fifty feet of water will within two years wash in to shore, pollute Jones Beach and make it unsafe for bathing. There is not an expert who would support such hogwash. The degree of hysteria we have reached is illustrated by a statement of Norman Cousins of the *Saturday Review*, chairman of the New York City Air Pollution Task Force, that a proposed three-year study of Long Island Sound is tragic because "we must realize that the human race is operating under the starkest of deadlines" and that we don't have three years left. We shall pay a heavy toll for hectic, shamelessly stimulated and largely undocumented, gruesome prophecies of pollution of the earth, ecological suicide, overpopulation, starvation, cannibalism and imminent extinction of the human race. Our leading ecologists stop a little short of Dean Swift's modest proposal to raise children to be sold for eating. The four pale horses of the Apocalypse are back again, this time with a wealth of scientific guff calculated to force conservation by terror instead of promoting it by logic, honest arithmetic, patience and sacrifice. Some clever publicist should devise a thermometer or fever chart to show day by day how fast emotion is pushed up into hysteria.

The exponents of primitive nature want all the comforts of modern living without paying for them—electric blankets, hot and cold running water, percolators, radio, television, rapid transit, autos, telephones, office and plant miracles, movies, parkways, expressways, home. New England nutmegs become incoherent when anyone mentions that nature boy Henry David Thoreau, who tired of the chill at Walden Pond and moved into town for the amenities which protect ecologists from the raw midwinter Massachusetts environment. Inconsistency is the birthright of transcendentalists.

Humor has fled when eager beaver legislators, anxious to be in the van of every movement, rush through bills diverting the police from murder, arson and rape to spot elegant ladies on Fifth Avenue swathed in rare leopard and tiger skins, shod with alligator and iguana, topped by heron feathers and adorned with other fauna threatened with extinction in distant places.

'. . . Like Grandma Knew'

Mythology is swamped with tales of floods. Every ancient religion exploited them. Usually man was not entirely extinguished. Survival and repopulation were assured by quaint and clever devices. Noah got his family and the animals two by two safely off the Ark on Mount Ararat. Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha, disembarking at Parnassus, tossed behind them stones for the foundation of a new genealogy. There must be a way of capitalizing this idea in the present contingency.

The ecological crisis, the *New York Post* tell us in an excited message from a correspondent in Rome, is worldwide. This is what is predicted:

> There will be seven billion people by the turn of the century, twice the number now. They are not going to have enough to eat: half the world's population is starving already, and four or five of the seven billion are expected to. They will not have enough habitable living space, even by our own generation's shrinking standards. . . .
>
> Actually the lake of Zurich is as irredeemably dead as Lake Erie; the Rhine is filthier than the Hudson; Swedish forests are withering under acid rains bearing sulphur from the Ruhr; the Japanese, Finns and Dutch fall deadly ill from eating mercury-tainted shellfish; sturgeon (and so, alas, caviar) is disappearing from the Caspian Sea; the Baltic's oxygen content is dropping at an alarming rate; the lifespan of a Milanese is three years shorter than other Italians' because of smog; and in some parts of the Tiber a fish will die in fifteen minutes. . . .

The *New York Times*, a stickler for

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preserving the environment, recently ran a fantastically illustrated section advertising ingenious new water schemes. The lead article advocated turning Long Island Sound into a fresh water lake, creating the biggest reservoir in the United States on the edge of water-hungry New York. This was called a comparatively modest proposal. All it requires is a couple of jolly little eight-mile dams with sea level locks for shipping, toll highways on top and little inland streams supplying fresh water. Tolls and water sales would pay for it. The total estimated cost was $2 billion (a more realistic estimate would be $20 billion). The same advertisement said: "We make water taste like grandma knew."

The leading advocate of this scheme is a Columbia University researcher at the Lamont Geological Observatory on top of the Palisades. The area was leased to the Observatory on the promise to keep it in its natural state without disturbance of habitat, plant or animal population. I had great difficulty some years ago in obtaining the right-of-way for the Palisades Parkway through this same estate. Tom and Florence Lamont objected because this was where, Mrs. Lamont told me, their son Corliss "did his thinking."

Money in Garbage

Dean Swift, in describing the philosophers on the island of Laputa in *Gulliver's Travels*, showed them extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers to warm the air. The difference lies in the fact that the Gloomy Dean was writing satire and ribbing his readers whereas the Lamont professor wants to be taken seriously. Every ambitious planner and utopian perfectionist has become a Lord of Flies who can purge the elements, halt the spread of contamination and purify the environment. The trouble is that he promises to do it overnight by stamping on honest moderates and calling them names.

I fear our propagandists on their periodic, idealistic sprees. I distrust engulfing tidal waves of piety which sweep everything before them and then recede, leaving a litter of dissent and skepticism. There is no genuine reform by impulse and no steady progress by fanaticism. Only moderation and persistence change bad habits and produce lasting improvements.

Unfortunately it is not far from more

or less harmless lunacy to illusions of grandeur, and from illusions of grandeur to regimentation and control under the guise of super-planning and preserving the balance of nature. The numbers, occupations, arrangements, industries and ultimate objectives and destinies of hapless human beings are exploited by ambitious PhDs. Pretty soon the pseudophilosophers' eyrie becomes a laboratory of dangerous instruments and dials devised by ambitious operators to run the whole show. These philosophers are aided by foundations which are running out of ideas, invent new scientific terminology and make their grants under the head of experiment and research. When the man in the street becomes suspicious of this new tyranny and gets mad and destructive, the Ivory Tower is likely to be his first demolition project.

Most dabblers in environment with their new-found expertise have little knowledge and training to cope with immense issues. Peter Freuchen, the Danish explorer, geographer and romancer, points out in his *Book of the Seven Seas* that an alteration in one of the major sea currents, such as the cold water Humboldt current, would turn our globe to dust. Contrariwise, a canal through the Sahara Desert built by atomic energy would convert the northern wastes into temperate and indescribably rich land.

Field and Stream Magazine said recently that the North American polar region is about to be wholly destroyed by pipes and tankers lugging oil to refineries, with ensuing global disintegration. The unsullied Arctic ice will be quickly contaminated beyond redemption with spreading terrors beyond description. The editor says the situation is already hopeless due to selfish exploitation, corrupt officials and an indifferent public. Colonel Lindbergh recently gloomily announced that Western civilization has probably already entered the period of breakdown. To whose ichthyology do you subscribe when Little Necks decline and monstrous geoducks multiply and flourish?

Public hysteria is no new thing in this country. The Puritan penchant for witch burning is well documented. Anyone who mildly questions attacks on the devil and his works must have an itch for the gallows and a thirst for martyrdom. If you have devoted a lifetime to nature it won't help much when you run afoul of the witch burners.

I am a nature boy myself, but in viewing intemperate attacks of indoor critics on everything that invades nature, I often think of my friend K. T. Keller of Chrysler, who was making tanks for the Army in the Second World War. He spent a day in Washington shuttling back and forth from the generals who demanded action to the lawyers and quibblers who sought to prevent it. Returning to Detroit by plane, he landed at the tank works utterly disgusted, joined the night shift with his old buddies, regained his sanity in a happy motorized atmosphere and emerged fresh as a daisy for breakfast in the morning.

Let's not be too contemptuous of the Kellers who have created our machine civilization, whatever its crassness, noise,

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tension and other limitations. We must depend on it for the wherewithal to bring the finer things within our grasp. Who will ridicule the nervous system of the former grease monkey risen to command an intricate machine to whom the hum of the generator is the soothing song of industry?

In all the current discussions about dumping, incineration, separation, processing and recovery of garbage, the poor old pig who long enjoyed succulent leavings doesn't get a tumble. What will become of Philadelphia scrapple in the great Assizes before us? And think of the mulligans, ollapodridas, *kraftsuppes*, *pot au feus* and chowders that boiled the offscourings, slops, insides and other tidbits of the kitchen, farm and woods into the finest broths vouchsafed to man. Shall there be no Weird Sisters stirring the cauldron for Macbeth? Not logic but ridicule finally prevails, whether the subject be chivalry or ecology. It is only when people begin to laugh that sanity returns.

Recycling of wastes, especially solid wastes, is no new concept. Said a shrewd observer recently, "A lot of big blue chip companies smell money in garbage. . . ." Proposals to incinerate garbage and use the heat are sensible. Collecting garbage through an underground vacuum system and returning the heat to the homes is not practical. Recycling will depend on the willingness of progressive, intelligent and public-spirited consumers to absorb the cost, or on prolonged litigation. Litter and refuse will continue to be a national headache until individuals develop enough community pride to stop tossing garbage out of windows and dropping dirt in the streets.

Consider the consummate gall of an overnight soil expert who demands that the entire disposal system of a vast metropolis be reorganized to meet the timetable of an ambitious, hard-pressed candidate for Congress. Maybe the New York disposal area should be further out, but not until the scientists have agreed, and surely not to elect Louis Loudmouth, Betty Bray or Eddie Ear-Splitter to high office.

We are told that we are shortly to be afflicted with a swarm of locusts. The environmentalists, national and worldwide, are no doubt armed and ready, but with what weapons? Has this curse been precipiated by bad agriculture, war or other human deviltry? Has it something to do with the balance of nature? Is there no bureau in Washington, no adviser in the White House, no swami in the United Nations to rid us of this ancient pest? Is there no scapegoat to be denounced in an election year?

Sophisticated critics delight in labeling every public work as an ecological calamity. Let me give you an example:

One of our best known and most widely read and quoted critics, historians, urbanists and philosophers characterized the entire Jones Beach plan as the work of crude roughnecks. Such writers get their vogue by appealing to pretentious Babbitts who like to be seen reading learned books. At any rate, the Jones Beach tower was singled out for special malediction although it was designed by four of the most distinguished architects of the day on the basis of my suggestion that they follow the lines of the Campanile at Venice and use Barbizon brick and Ohio sandstone to blend with the sand and shore. This critic did not even know that the *function* of the tower, regardless of its form, was to hold a column of fresh water drawn upward from 1,100 feet below the beach and stored to serve peak load crowds. He though it was just a decoration imitating a lighthouse. It all depends on what is in the eye of the beholder. If it is jaundiced, what is a vision in the wilderness or in Venice is a horror at Jones Beach.

Ecology or Power?

The communications industry, which violently attacks the poisoning of our environment and threatens the extinction of mankind, is supported by corporations which sell the very chemicals that the press denounces. Take the detergents which have largely replaced soap. They depend on phosphates, which raise hell with the environment. Total removal of phosphates without an effective replacement might reduce sanitation and cleanliness, have an adverse effect on hospitals, dairies and restaurants and make dishwashers obsolete.

My successor as Chairman of the Power Authority of the State of New York, Jim FitzPatrick, said recently:

"When the Niagara Project was built, the Power Authority joined with the Niagara Frontier State Park Commission and other agencies in a pioneering program, similar to that undertaken at St. Lawrence. It was designed to prove that conservation and technological advances could be pursued in tandem. It sought preservation, restoration and enhancement of the environment as an adjunct to the production of electricity. This program was launched before conservation became a popular cause. . . ."

Public officials demand ecology one day and more electricity the next. They have taken an oath of office and pledged fearless pursuit of truth, but they join in the hue and cry for extreme conservation, and then withhold licenses for power plants; hide, delay, evade, refrain, postpone, deprecate and finally wait for the brouhaha to die down and normalcy to return. Torn between fission and fish, they don't know which way to turn.

Biologists posing as experts on power suggest solar heat as the answer to power

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shortages and blackouts. Solar heat may be an ultimate, but surely is no immediate answer. If the most distant goals are being considered, why not experiment with breeding a giant electric eel to produce prolonged shocks without atomic piles, magnifying lenses, penstocks, turbines or generators?

Environmental extremists lightly toss around the word "tragedy." Those brought up on the classics will recall Aristotle's rule that the principal objects of tragedy are pity and terror, to be arrived at by prescribed means, not by "decoration." Decoration is contrived melodrama, exaggeration, appeal to passion and shock treatment. Today's rhetoricians call the rape of the environment tragedy. They should find out what tragedy is. Pity and terror are dangerous ends, not to be reached by decoration.

President Nixon is reshuffling several respected, old-established government bureaus to create a new Environmental Protection Agency in order, he says, to "maximize both the effective coordination of all and the effective function of each." The spokesman who thought up this fine phrase should certainly receive the 1970 White House award for the best slogan of the year. (Governor Al Smith, it may be said parenthetically, called them "slocums.") Among other things, the phrase will help mightily to "dismantle" the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.

Middle America Wants . . .

The Army Engineers may perhaps not be the most highly imaginative builders since Caesar, but as decent, honorable and reliable a constructive force as walked quietly in mufti, they are now commanded to hold up every pending improvement to insure environmental purity. They are to require that every dam, bridge, industrial, protective, safety and other public work be insured against every conceivable disturbance of the environment regardless of cost. This is stultifying the honest expert in the name of conservation and trying to make aesthetes out of engineers. Are the Army Engineers to be "dismantled" to save the world for ecology?

We have been reading heated, exciting stuff about the rape of Alaska, how the beauties of the wilderness are about to be exploited and sacrified to inhuman greed, how a break in an oil pipeline will inevitably destroy the entire environment, how a good road will give bears, caribou, esquimaux and seals nervous prostration. Do we so woefully lack the engineering skill to tap natural resources for oil-starved industry without destroying nature?

We Americans, seemingly emancipated from puritanism, have become a strange, humorless people. This spasm of hysterical, obscene, dessicated, ecological wurra wurra, from beriberi to Chinese rot to cannibalism, leaves us without a gleam of cheer. As Ben Hecht used to say: "Social Consciousness has driven out Sociability." It's temporary aberration, not really in the American makeup, and it's high time we got back to normalcy.

The big ecological drive has had some good effects but their meaning can be over-estimated. Great industries proclaim faith and cooperation. Business interests rush into the ecological field. Consider, for example, the Program for the Preservation and Use of the Walt Disney World Conservation Area of 7,500 acres out of a total development area of some 27,400 acres in Central Florida. The advisers, appointed by the Disney management, include conservationists of the very highest reputation and standing, as well as representatives of federal, state and local regulatory agencies.

This project has been widely advertised, but I can find no guarantee that the program will be carried out or that the area will forever remain in the public domain and will not be sold when necessary for sound business reasons. The plan, therefore, preserves for the time being only a princely domain. In the next decades the company will get the advantage of exceptionally favorable government treatment. It may profit in terms of scenic tours, nature studies, fishing, hiking and horseback and other recreation, but in the end unless statutory or contract protection, not now in evidence, is provided, only condemnation at tremendous prices will keep it from being subdivided and developed on a strictly commercial basis. That's the way the ball bounces. I do not discount the public spirit back of this program nor impugn the motives of the planners. I simply state the facts.

Ecology is not our only concern. We are swamped with other problems—the full emancipation of blacks, youth revolt, enlightened college education, crises in the Far and Near East, repeal of the Monroe Doctrine, drug addiction, urban housing to replace ghettos, censorship, decency on stage and screen, violent public confrontation, law, policing, order, safety and a score of others. We are being brainwashed by sensational stuff and militant minorities. Ours is a remarkably resilient country and most of our people on reflection will not sell it short to dissident minorities however articulate, well motivated, persuasive, violent or threatening.

What does the backbone of America, as distinguished from the big metropolitan concentrations and the critical sophisticated Eastern seaboard, stand for? May I offer this answer? They want:

1. Facts without fanaticism;
2. Perspective without distortion;
3. Conviction without dogmatism;
4. Debate within bounds of decency;
5. Experimentation without violence;
6. Change without revolution;
7. Respect without subservience;
8. Leadership without demagoguery.

The environmental drive and the others aimed at overcoming the evils of our day will succeed only if they become respected habits. □

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LETTER FROM MADRID

I'll Dress You in Gold

F. REID BUCKLEY

We're midway through San Isidro again, and is it hot! And is this a bullfighting feria to beat any on record! Eighteen corridas, a minimum of 108 pathetic Ferdinands sentenced to the sword (most of them), 36 solid hours of ritualized butchery not boggling but certainly mesmerizing the brain.

The scandal remains: grossly fattened three-and-a-half-year-old *borregos* masquerading as *toros de lidia*; matadors either unskilled or contemptuous of the public and their art. Yet I have inspiriting news. Top swords are still able to cow (sorry!) impresarios and breeders into providing them with sad, pacific victims, but when the card is modest, then at least some real bulls are once again being seen. And oh, the difference! The matador *de montón* (one of the heap) is ordinarily unable to handle such animals, which is a shame; but a few may eventually learn, and the spectator meantime is getting something on which to base comparisons.

The shock of this season, as far as I'm concerned, issues from Manuel Benítez, that idol of tourists (and native ignoramuses) known as "El Cordobés." I hadn't seen him stage one of his burlesques in two years. It plain galled me to pay fancy prices to watch a man who could not cape, who outraged aesthetics with the *muleta*, and who was less dangerous with the sword than Spiro Agnew with a tennis racket. Granting his personal charm and his public charisma, I thought (and think) he is a lousy influence on the fiesta; and it pained me to contemplate sitting through the delirium of thousands who were being conned and corrupted into believing that El Cordobés' acrobatics are what fighting bulls is all about. (Of course, and to begin with, he doesn't fight *bulls*; as Miguelin showed in the scandal of last year.)

I swore not to get sucked into the San Isidro charades. The prices are prohibitive. The bulls are mostly second-rate material from Salamanca. The billed matadors are *de montón*, their ranks notable for the absence of Ordoñez and Paco Camino, the ex- and present Número Uno. The only star is El Cordobés.

I swore I would not be sucked in; and on a gorgeous, still, and hot afternoon, I threw up my work, landed the lovely Tasa Olano on the telephone, and rushed to meet her at the great bullring of Las Ventas.

Didn't even glance at the card, which featured El Viti, Palomo Linares (of the El Cordobés school), and the Mexican, Manolo Martinez, who was to confirm his *alternativa*. The bulls were from the Baltasar Ivan Valdez farm, usually so-so.

The first bull, Santanero, trotted out, 518 kilos (1,140 pounds) packed on a smallish frame. The animal was greeted by Martinez with two-and-a-half undistinguished *verónicas*, disappointing me. Faced with the picador, Santanero shied back. But when he finally entered, he hit hard and with desire. Santanero fulfilled the regulation three *varas* (three bouts with the picador), which is unusual nowadays. Martinez began his *faena*. A set of four commonplace *naturales*. Four more. Four *derechazos*. One wobbly *al redondo*. The *vol-à-pié: media estocada*. An ear.

Routine. But it was a pleasant afternoon. Tasa and I grinned at each other.

Out galloped Goloso, another small animal, weighing 474 kilos (1,043 pounds). A Palomo Linares peon flaunted his cape at the bull, which charged instantly. The peon ducked behind the *burladero*, a barrier at which, ordinarily, bulls check their charge, skid off, or give the heavy boards a few pokes with their horns. Not Goloso. He smashed into the *burladero* at full steam, crashing right through it with a crack and a splintering of wood. We all gasped, yanked to our feet. The peon was surely killed. One whole half of the *burladero* had been demolished. Happily, however, the man had taken cover behind the first of the two panels, escaping with no more than fright. In the other instance, he would most certainly have been mashed back against the side of the ring and destroyed, if not from the initial impact then from the follow-up slash and hook of Goloso's horns: Because this was also a bull, a killer, who stood there now still hacking at the shambles of the *burladero*, searching for the flesh he had seen duck behind it.

A dangerous bull, a *toro de lidia*. What, Tasa and I wondered, would Palomo Linares do with Goloso? Here was the first of the successful disciples in the freaky El Cordobés school, a sensation for the past two years throughout the provinces. On this afternoon he had a bull with which to show what sort of a fighter he is.

How did he employ the opportunity? Using the cape, he jerked his way through four bad *verónicas*, one vulgar *verónica*, one passable *verónica*, and a seventh ho-hum *verónica*. His orders to the picador were plain: Punish Goloso; if you are able, kill the beast for me. Goloso gallantly accepted four *varas*. They were unpardonable, the point of the lance raking the animal's back and punching closer to the kidneys than to the tossing hump. The picador bore down, weakening Goloso mercilessly. When the time came for the red flannel, the animal was an exhausted, blood-soaked wreck. Linares omitted the *de castigo* passes; always a dangerous omission, although popular with the idiot public, because no bull can be dominated without them. He entered directly into eight toneless, colorless *derechazos* that ended in a ludicrous footrace with Goloso, who was a) "*suelto*," that is, not dominated, b) at the end of his physical tether, and c) bored to death by the uninspired matador; which is why he broke contact, trotting aimlessly away with Palomo Linares panting after him. The *faena* dragged on forever, ending in an *estocada atravesada* that entered up to the hilt but deceived no one. Well, hardly anyone apart from some 15,000 spectators who flapped their handkerchiefs in an incredible petition for the ear, which, incredibly, the President allowed.

On their second bulls, neither Linares nor Martinez showed us anything. The Mexican was plain dull. Linares proved to be a poor man's El Cordobés, which is about as low a tauromachian estate as one can descend to. El Viti, on the other hand, came out determined to top his first performance. This bull was large, 557 kilos, and like its brethren a bull indeed. But it was *manso* (not brave

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at heart; not candid in its charges), pawing the sand in that threatening attitude that gulls much of the public. This is bluster. It implies an animal difficult to ignite into a charge and one likely to halt midway through. El Viti's *faena* was necessarily not so well seamed together as his first. The bull did not allow a smooth performance. Precisely in this lay the merit of El Viti's work. Some spectators began to comprehend. They were with El Viti, prepared to applaud and reward the probity of his effort. He was unlucky at the kill, entering twice truly and twice falsely; but he had done enough to be given a turn around the ring and afterward to be carried out on the shoulders of admirers. There was no El Cordobés to dazzle with his boyish smile and intoxicate with his charisma. One of the matadors *de monton*, El Viti had faced honest bulls honestly, showing that he possesses the skill to fight as matadors ought. That, today, is deserving of mention.

I WAS SATISFIED. I had seen bulls, a man who confronts them honorably, and a crowd that showed itself capable of discriminating between the meretricious (Palomo Linares) and the meritorious (El Viti). Things were looking up with the fiesta. At work next day in my penthouse loft, to which the roars and jeers and even an individual's laughter are wafted from the Las Ventas bullring, I was happy to have been so fortunate. I would ignore the expectable rumbles from the arena on this afternoon. It would be an El Cordobés crowd. I would type merrily through those roars, not the least bit envious nor wistful.

Teddy Vicuña, the husband of the leonine Inés, telephoned. She was in Russia, probably leveling the walls of the Kremlin. Would I care to take her ticket?

Would. Went. And witnessed one of those afternoons that perpetuate the El Cordobés legend. The bulls were, of course, mere *borregos*; but even a *borrego* is the facsimile of a genuine fighting bull. Puerta's animal reminded us of this. Puerta was topping off some fine *verónicas* with a set of *chicuelinas*. That premonition seized me. I muttered to Teddy, "He'd better watch. . . ." The words were sucked back into my throat. The bull ignored the cape entirely, smashing into Puerta head-on. Teddy and I froze. "The right horn got him!" It seemed so—and through the breast. Puerta was down in a heap. A *toro de lidia* would have finished him. Fortunately for Puerta, this was a *borrego*, standing there uncertain over the helpless man. This hesitation gave peones the chance to drag the animal away from him.

Puerta struggled to his feet, dazed. By sheer chance, that horn had not penetrated, slipping along the ribs. But the shock had been great, the tossing bad. Puerta proved his valor, snatching up his cape and at once challenging the animal into two more *chicuelinas*, in which there was no emotion. Completing them, Puerta turned away; and nearly fainted.

His *faena* was masterful. He earned one of the two ears granted him. But despite that early excitement, the enemy was not a true bull. It was yet another of those overgrown calves sent to be

slaughtered when such name fighters as Puerta and El Cordobés are on the card. Emotion there could not be. The most beautifully executed *naturale* with a bunny rabbit leaves one in the torpor that characterizes most corridas today.

The surprise came from El Cordobés. He caped his first animal: and completed two good *verónicas*. The first half of his *faena* was orthodox. The second half he devoted to the pranks of his trademark, such as the "*salto de la rana*," in which he gets (almost; not quite touching ground) to his knees, ankles spread wide and suspended springily against the sand. He passes the bull, then leaps, whirling about, to land in roughly the same posture as before and takes the bull on its way back.

These antics are of the sort that admirers of El Cordobés flock to see. His fans were this afternoon treated to the full fare. The first half of the performance was not bad at all, manifesting that, three years after receiving his doctorate, and six or seven years after having gathered in his first million or so dollars from the fiesta, Manuel Benítez El Cordobés has actually and by golly learned something about fighting, anyhow, *borregos*. He proved this beyond doubting with his second adversary, an egregiously weak animal. The old El Cordobés would have applied to it exactly the same passes, the routine *faena;* and would have failed; and would have despaired; and would have received (as other matadors do not) the sympathy of the crowd. The new El Cordobés knows how to care for mock bulls; perhaps from having played with so many of them. This one stumbled over its own feet.

El Cordobés kept the animal's head high with the muleta during the initial passes, holding the bull up by the magnetism of the flannel. A little strength flowed back in. El Cordobés skilfully rejuvenated the *borrego*, and then launched into his two-part *faena*: the first half demonstrating that he is actually a competent matador, the second devoted to the histrionics his fans demand. And this man who was once his own despair with the sword has learned how to execute a *volà-pié*. A clean kill. The crowd was ecstatic, demanding not only two additional ears for the hero but the tail also, which has been accorded only once during the long history of the plazas in Madrid; and which, thank the merciful heavens, was not now repeated.

THINGS ARE, I hazard, changing. We are seeing *toros de lidia* again in the secondary corridas; El Cordobés has learned his business. One day he may discard his most flagrant *chulerias*, which he no longer requires for the concealment of what was formerly the void in his art. With his phenomenal stage appeal, it is within his reach to elect to tackle bulls that are bulls indeed, and now that he has learned how, fight them with skill and dignity and restore to the fiesta the integrity he has been so responsible in undermining. Do that, Manolo baby, and I'll dress you in gold. □

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MODEST PROPOSALS

Women: How Equal?

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

THE LOWER HOUSE OF CONGRESS has passed, by a nearly unanimous vote, an "Equal Rights" for women amendment to the Constitution. Regardless of its ultimate fate, the idea seems likely to prevail. New York State, for instance, and New York City, have laws to provide for equal access of women to employment, to bars etc. The principle involved raises questions similar to those raised by the Supreme Court decision in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* (1954), which attempted to do the same sort of thing for Negroes.

With respect to women, in many states there are still laws which I should be delighted to see abolished (though not necessarily by means of constitutional amendment). These laws discriminate between the sexes for reasons, and on occasions, which are, or have become, irrelevant to the matter at hand. Some laws deny women rights granted to men (largely in employment). Other laws (or legal practices) grant women rights denied men. For instance, not just divorced mothers but also divorced women can get alimony, whereas men, even fathers, seldom can. Wives are entitled to financial support; husbands are not. Historical circumstances which led to such laws have changed. There is no reason on the other hand to discriminate against women to "protect" them. Yet, in many states laws forbid employment of women at night, or in certain occupations, or places. This simply makes it harder for women to get jobs which, regardless of the legislators' judgment, they may want to take. Why can't women—unlike children—be the best judges of what work to do? (Even children should be allowed to work except in dangerous jobs.)

Incidentally, the principle of equal legal rights means that the family situation of women, or men, should be their business and not the employer's or taxpayer's. They may indeed have children and provide for them; not however, at the employer's expense, or at the taxpayer's. Women do not become mothers for the sake of their employers, or of taxpayers. (Both would be better off if they didn't so frequently.) Nor is motherhood a disability which befalls women as an act of God and which, being beyond their control, entitles them to the help of their luckier fellow citizens. Since they engage in it voluntarily and are—if anyone is—the only beneficiaries (together, possibly, with the fathers) of motherhood, mothers have no claim on employers, or society, for help in supporting their pets. (The children have a claim, but that's quite a different story.)

A constitutional amendment may not be the best way of doing it, yet I certainly welcome the removal of any legal disabilities, protections, exclusions or privileges instituted by law for (or against) women. However, the proposed amendment (and some of the laws already enacted) does more than this. It replaces one restriction of freedom with another. The legal restriction that replaces it is meant to enforce equality. But both unnecessarily restrict individual freedom and, of course, neither can enforce equality.

Whereas past legislation prevented an employer from hiring a female he wished to hire say, as a bartender or bricklayer, the proposed legislation may compel him to do so. Whereas in the past women may have been excluded by law from sitting at a bar, or taking a job, now the bar's owner (or its patrons) are going to be compelled to let her sit at the bar, or dine at the restaurant, or work at the job. You may not even be allowed to advertise for a secretary of determinate sex.

If the old law was bad, the new one, though different, is no better. Both introduce compulsion where freedom should prevail. Why should a saloon not be permitted to exclude females, or males, or anyone else? There are enough places where the excluded will be welcome. Why replace *compulsory* segregation, or exclusion, with *compulsory* congregation, or inclusion, instituted by law? Can't we stop interfering with freedom of association? Any person, or group, should be permitted to associate with (or to exclude) anyone who consents to be associated with it (or to be included by it). Employers should be free to hire anyone, regardless of sex or race. Everybody, and any group, should be permitted to exclude (or dissociate from) anybody for any reason at all, or none.

Freedom of association needs only one qualification: People should not be permitted to use it to inflict material damage on excluded groups or persons. Such material damage, or course, occurs only when no equivalent facilities, or jobs, are available to qualified applicants irrelevantly excluded. I can not see that that is the case with women. But if it were the case, if no other equivalent facilities were available, then the excluding restaurant might have to provide facilities exclusively for the excluded, say, women; and, of course, for those women and men who wish to be together. But neither should be compelled to be with, or without, the other.

Yet the proposed amendment would, in places of public accommodation, and in employment, replace segregation, forced or voluntary, with compulsory togetherness. Time was when I would point out that the phrase in the Supreme Court *Brown* decision—that segregation, even when material facilities are equal, is "inherently unequal"—is silly. Segregation can historically imply humiliation, but to show that it does, is not to show that it must, that it "inherently" is humiliating.

I used to illustrate my argument by pointing to separate schools for boys and girls, and to suggest that separate places for those who wish to be separated, and coeducational ones for those who do not, are the ideal solution to be applied in all such matters. Little did I know that instead of free association among the races we may get now the same compulsory togetherness of the sexes that the Court has already decreed for the races. (Neither will be successful in the moral or psychological sense. Both will hinder the voluntary and spontaneous relationships, the mutual recognition and acceptance, that we should strive for.)

Women often get lower paying jobs than men of equal competence, or get less pay for the same job, or do not get certain jobs at all. This is not true in most professions, but true in many occupations. Lower-paid and less-skilled jobs often go to women because their career life is interrupted by motherhood. Women seem to like to become mothers. True, some "liberated" women want fathers to take on as much of the maternal role as

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LETTER FROM GERMANY

Stalin-Hitler Pact, 1970 Model?

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

THE EASIEST WAY to misinterpret a political document is to confine the analysis to its text. The Stalin-Hitler Pact of 1939, for instance, turns out, on rereading it in 1970, to be a perfectly harmless experiment in making small talk. Yet is there anyone in Foggy Bottom, or even in Academe, who, contemplating the meaning and effect of the Stalin-Hitler Pact, would confine himself to "what it says"? If there is such a one, his name most certainly is not Henry A. Kissinger. A first-rate scholar, and a passionate advocate of political science as a decisive weapon in man's intelligent fight for freedom, Professor Kissinger is, on the contrary, the world's leading expert in correct interpretation of the Stalin-Hitler Pact: Whatever its wording may have been, the Pact, he contends, was the one decisive instrument in unleashing World War II.

I have begun my contemplation of the recent Brandt-Brezhnev Pact with these complementary thoughts on Henry Kissinger for two compelling reasons: One, the Brandt-Brezhnev Pact is, in intent and effect, comparable only to the Stalin-Hitler Pact; and two, Professor Kissinger, the man actually in charge of America's foreign and security policies, seems to have advised the President that a perfectly harmless document was signed in Moscow. This is an unexpected and rather sensational situation. For not only is Kissinger a scholar of unblemished record in scrutinizing recent political history, he is also (and I am in a privileged position to testify from an inside knowledge of several years) indubitably America's most competent and most intimately informed expert on German affairs. Whence, then, his apparent failure to comprehend and evaluate the most fateful event in recent German history—nay, the most fateful in America's struggle for a balance of Atlantic power?

Mr. Kissinger's failure is the key to the whole issue—and the only satisfactory explanation of the catastrophe: The West, even at its most sophisticated level (i.e., at Kissinger's level), has for the last few years refused to face the fact that Willy Brandt is not a conventional democratic politician but, on the contrary, an experienced and resourceful Marxist.

Brandt assumed the German chancellorship last September with the smallest possible parliamentary backing. It was obvious from the first that this very weakness in Brandt's position must drive him into desperate adventures. If he didn't want to lose power within a year or two, he was practically compelled to force, with a few bold strokes, fast and irreversible changes upon Germany: only if he created what the Germans call "*vollendete Tatsachen*" (ultimate facts) could he hope to stay in office for a relevant length of time.

Theoretically, there were two ways open to Brandt: He could try ultimate social reforms within Germany—or he could tie Germany to the Soviet Union. But the first course was actually blocked. Even his tiny parliamentary majority is supplied by the confused and shattered FDP (Free Democratic Party) which must turn against Brandt at his first step towards socialization. The financial backers as well as the voters of this diminutive party are industrialists and businessmen who, though they are foolish enough to support a leftist foreign policy, could never tolerate statism at home.

THUS, Brandt immediately initiated preparations for the bold adventure in the East, Egon Bahr, his closest associate (and an alumnus of the Soviet daily in West Berlin) was dispatched for weeks of secret negotiations with Gromyko in Moscow. To be sure, until last February Brandt claimed that the subject of these negotiations was nothing but the mutual recognition of the status quo. Indeed, while secretely drawing his Grand Design, Brandt collected the usual tokens of assent from Washington, London and Paris. Wasn't he, after all, merely supporting the policy of détente that Kennedy, de Gaulle and the Vatican had inaugurated?

Yes, indeed he was, replied Washington, London and Paris. Yes, a détente between Bonn and Moscow was indeed within the framework of Allied policy, sagely counseled Professor Kissinger. But then, surprisingly and even inconceivably, Bonn announced last February that it had granted enormous credits for a project to expand the Soviet oil trust's pipelines deep into Western Europe. And at that moment, Paris intervened in Bonn: France cannot tolerate such a unilateral German deal with the Soviet Union—a deal that, of necessity, must counteract all attempts at European integration. But at that very moment Brand got the green light from the White House: The President formally endorsed the Bahr-Gromyko negotiations.

The American endorsement was the indispensable prerequisite for Brandt's Grand Design. Not even a Socialist government can dare embark upon an adventure of tying Germany to the Soviet Union without reassuring the country that, even so, Germany will retain American political support and military protection. Kissinger's decision to underwrite the Bahr-Gromyko negotiations was absolutely essential. Without it, Brandt could not move. With it, he acted swiftly.

The understanding Brandt achieved in his Moscow conferences with Kosygin and Brezhnev in early August has changed the map of Europe and America's strategic position in the world. Even the (utterly irrelevant) text of the signed agreement, quite unlike the Stalin-Hitler Pact of 1939, announces a major change in the European status quo.

1) While America's and Germany's foreign policy had been based on Germany's claim to sovereignty and unity, the Brandt agreement with Kosygin and Brezhnev acknowledges the eastern half of Germany, occupied by the Soviet army, as a sovereign, independent "second German state," a concession by no means counterbalanced by Moscow's formal undertaking not to oppose a future "peaceful reunification."

2) While America and Germany had insisted that Germany's definitive borders with her eastern neighbors would have to be agreed upon in future peace negotiations, Brandt has recognized the Oder-Neisse Line as the Polish-German border.

3) While America's and Germany's European policy had consisted in a stern refusal to accept the Brezhnev Doctrine (the Soviet Union's insistence on her right to enforce, by means of military invasion, her control of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Poland and Eastern

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Germany), Brandt has in effect acknowledged the validity of that Doctrine for all of Eastern Europe.

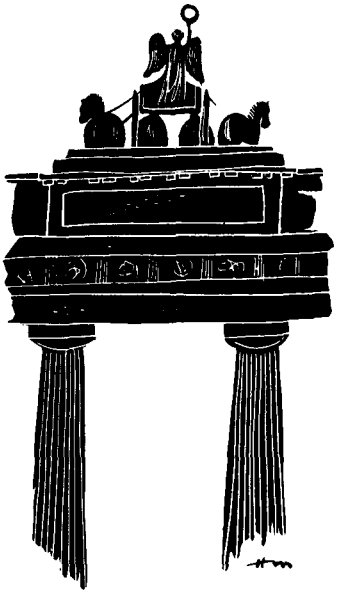
These three points, alone, openly spelled out in Brandt's Moscow Treaty, are in themselves tantamount to a demolition of the European status quo the defense of which was the sole reason, and the only justification, for America's presence in Europe. But the implications and potential effects of the Pact reverberate far beyond its published text.

Outside and beyond the text, the Brandt-Brezhnev Pact foreshadows a *Bundesrepublik* taken out of the Atlantic Alliance and put under the protective patronage of the Soviet Union. Brandt has anticipated a lost Third World War which, as everybody knows, could have been fought only over Soviet Russia's desire to control Germany and therefore Western Europe. The Soviet Union is in sight of her maximum goals without firing a shot.

In the first place, by acting alone, Brandt has repudiated the only *raison d'être* of NATO: The solemn agreement Germany signed with the NATO powers a few years ago precluded any "bilateral" dealings of any NATO member with the Soviet Union and made *common* policy towards the Soviet Union the only purpose and the sole justification of the North Atlantic Alliance.

In the second place, by aligning himself globally with the Soviet Union, Brandt, for all practical purposes, has told the United States to get out of Germany. For there is no other reason or justification for America's military presence in Germany than the assumption that there exists a genuine Soviet thrust and the serious possibility of a Soviet invasion. No American President will (or should) extend unwanted and unjustifiable military commitments within a *Bundesrepublik* that itself insists it is no longer in any danger of attack by the Soviet Union. (I hope fervently that even a hard-pressed Professor Kissinger will not try to argue that, after all, "Brandt himself" has only recently assured us he wishes America's continued presence in Germany. That "Brandt himself" mutters such ritualistic phrases will not mislead a single German: Every German knows, and understands, that Brandt cannot dare speak otherwise; and that he, quite understandably, prefers to have the Americans leave Germany not on his invitation, but of their own volition.)

To sum up, the perspective and the potential of the Brandt-Brezhnev Pact can completely change Europe and the world. In its perspective, there is no longer a *raison d'être* for NATO and America's military presence in Europe (the termination of which has been the Soviet Union's main objective for the past twenty years). There is no longer a legitimate German claim for national unity. There is no longer a possibility of unifying Europe, simply because the pillar of a unified Europe would have to be the *Bundesrepublik*—and the *Bundesrepublik*, in the Pact's perspective swings West to East. There is no longer a rationally



defensible chance of preventing Soviet hegemony over all Europe. Once the Brandt-Brezhnev Pact is ratified by the German Bundestag, a line of West-European statesmen will form in Moscow. In a veritable panic, they will beg for permission to join an Eastern bloc that they will then judge as having expanded, in August 1970, to the Rhine and Ruhr.

For the Brandt-Brezhnev Pact may prove a more powerful instrument for wrecking "the bourgeois world" than the Stalin-Hitler Pact of 1939. The Stalin-Hitler Pact was undertaken by two irreconcilable dictators and it therefore had the earmarks of a fleeting improvisation; while the Brandt-Brezhnev Pact was built by two sober-minded politicians, both believing in socialism, in spite of all fratricidal differences, who have the common and honest intent to help one another. Therefore, while Stalin and Hitler immediately began to prepare for the breach of their Pact, both Brezhnev and Brandt have a compelling desire to preserve and protect theirs. (Among other things, Brandt knows only too well that his regime would be immediately overthrown if the Bundestag rejects his Pact with Brezhnev or if thereafter it lost its force or even its validity.

Even more. The Hitler-Stalin Pact was an attempt at dividing the spoils of a joint act of aggression; while the Brandt-Brezhnev Pact is an act of binding a powerless victim to a victor whose military prowess, after the inescapable collapse of NATO, would become historically unprecedented. The Hitler-Stalin Pact was meant to open Russia's tremendous resources of raw materials to Nazi Germany's rearmament industry; while the Brandt-Brezhnev Pact, quite the other way around, unlocks Germany's tremendous industrial productivity for the benefit of Soviet rearmament. (Professor Schiller, Brandt's Economic Minister, is going to Moscow in early September, even before the Brandt-Brezhnev Pact is ratified by the Bundestag, to take the specific orders.)

But what, one may ask, was Brandt's motive in concluding that Pact? (Brezhnev's motives are of course entirely clear: he believes the Pact with Brandt yields Germany and Europe to the Soviet Union.) He who asks that altogether sensible question merely shows that he considers Brandt a traditional, conventional, patriotic statesman. Brandt is nothing of the kind. He is a devoted, shrewd, sophisticated Marxist. His commitment is not to the interests of traditional "bourgeois society," not to Germany's traditional national interests, but, on the contrary, to a socialist order that will overwhelm Germany's "bourgeois society."

But that transformation, Brandt knows, is inconceivable in a Germany left to the pursuit of its own national interest under the pressures of its own "reactionary forces" and in alliance with capitalist America, a bourgeois France and an England just gone conservative. So the renovation of Germany can be brought about only by shifting from the orbit of the reactionary Western powers into that of the great "historically progressive" power to the East, which will at the same time protect the new Germany from the threat of its own internal reactionary forces. The policy of the socialist and Marxist Brandt is understandable and consistent, which is a good deal more than can be said of those in the high places of the West who are once again hailing a German-Soviet Pact as the guarantor of Peace in Our Time. □

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CHARLES E. GOODELL

After Ten Years

HENRY DIBBLE

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN and said about Charles E. Goodell's voyage across the political spectrum from the Right to the New Left. But it is only after going back and looking through old issues of the *Congressional Record* that one realizes that there hasn't been a switch like Goodell's since Myron Breckinridge decided to become Myra.

Over a ten-year period, Goodell's Americans for Constitutional Action (ACA) and Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) ratings have reversed. In 1960, the ACA gave him a perfect 100 per cent conservative score. The ADA rated him as having voted liberal only 22 per cent of the time. His scores for 1969 were ACA, 10 per cent; ADA, 82 per cent.

In no area has Goodell's political migration been more pronounced than in foreign policy and his general attitude toward the necessity for checking Communist aggression. (His hawkishness on the Mideast and frequent calls for a speed-up in delivery of U.S. aircraft to Israel being, of course, an obvious politically expedient aberration.)

A staunch foe of the Vietnam war, Goodell is the author of S. 3000, the so-called Vietnam Disengagement Act, which would prohibit any money being expended to maintain American troops in Vietnam after November 1 of this year. This plan was so far out that even the doveish former Defense Secretary, Clark Clifford, denounced it as "unrealistic and impractical" saying that it would result in a "bloodbath" in South Vietnam "that would be on our conscience—for a long period of time."

"I don't know anyone who wants to get out of Vietnam more than I do," said Clifford. But the Goodell plan, he said, would result "in the collapse of the military and the government" in South Vietnam.

Goodell's attitude toward the war in Vietnam has been that "victory is impossible through any military means acceptable to the American people" and that it is (all together now), "the wrong war, in the wrong place, at the wrong time . . . a wrong-headed concept of American power and responsibility in the world."

New York's junior senator's idea of wrong-headedness, however, has changed considerably since he first came to Congress.

On July 15, 1961, in a speech to the American Legion in his hometown of Jamestown, N.Y., then Rep. Charles E. Goodell told his audience:

> Let me tell you today, that though our guns are silent, we are at war with international Communism. The sooner we face up to this fact the more chance we have for survival. . . . We need not back down in any international crisis. But nonetheless we are losing the world because the enemy of our freedom, the enemy of our way of life, is dictating precisely where we will next do battle—on what terms, on what issues, and with what weapons. We are on the defensive and we seem bedazzled with the idea that concessions to Communists can buy a restless peace.
>
> As we move well into the 1960s, our people must understand that peace with freedom can only survive if we, in this cold war, pass the test of fortitude in the same way our brothers and our ancestors have met that test in the past. If our country and our people, with a whimper and a wail, embrace compromises with Communism to avoid hard decisions, we are already in death row as a nation.

Rep. Goodell, who as a senator has been a strong backer of and voted for the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty and against ABM, went on to talk about "the most crucial issues upon which public opinion must be rallied":

> President Eisenhower in 1958 accepted a voluntary suspension of testing of nuclear weapons. We have no evidence that Russia has violated this voluntary agreement. But we know that underground testing can be concealed. . . We had better acquire such monster weapons first or we won't have much to say about the decade of the 1970s. As the 1950s has been the decade of abundance, the 1970s can be the decade of bondage if we go to sleep today.
>
> "We had better start developing the deadly neutron bomb and the lithium bomb right now. I ask you what would have happened after World War II if the Communists had had the atom bomb instead of the United States? . . . And yet today we are listening with one ear to the siren call of craven, wishful thinkers who tell us that these weapons are too awesome to develop and we should therefore trust the Communists in not developing them. These misled people point convincingly to the history that armament races solve nothing, but merely increase the heavy load on all mankind. They then jump the wide gulf and land on the conclusion that we can avoid the race with Russia by refusing to run. I tell you the race with Communism is on, in deadly earnest, and if we refuse to run we will lose by default. . . . We must renew nuclear tests immediately. The spark of hope for real disarmament can be kept alive only if free men stay ahead of the enemies of peace.

As for world opinion, Goodell advised:

> America trimming its sails to the opinions of illiterate peasants in South America is like a commanding general popularizing himself with the raw recruit by consulting him about military strategy. Our job is not to be popular in the world, it is to be respected.

On the subject of the "war with international Communism," Goodell declared we should "fight to win":

> It is time we countered Communist pressures on our weak points with real pressure on Communist weaknesses. It is time we abandoned our defensive position for a strong offense of freedom. . . . We can no longer turn our backs on the world without sooner or later getting a dagger between the shoulder blades. . . .

IN ANOTHER SPEECH, on July 25, 1961, to the Western New York Volunteer Firemen's Association, Goodell spoke of America's responsibilities in the world:

> . . . We are losing because the free world has walked into the ring against brass-knuckled Communism with pillows tied to both of our fists. . . . We cannot stand by and watch free countries fall under the domination of Communism through internal subversion. We must recognize that internal subversion by a small clique of Communists is a form of aggression. It is direct interference with the right of a country to its own self-determination.

On Cuba:

> The Communists are laughing at us over Cuba. . . . It's time we moved in—and I say this without qualification or reserve—it's time we protected ourselves and the Cuban people by removing the

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cancer of Communism from Cuba. Without direct surgery, the cancer will spread. . . . Let's start by organizing, training and equipping a Cuban military force that can restore freedom to the Cuban people. Let's give them air cover, naval protection, and, if necessary, troop support.

Goodell's advocacy of a hard line in foreign policy was reflected also in the items he inserted into the *Congressional Record*.

ON FEBRUARY 23, 1961, Rep. Goodell inserted into the *Record* a portion of a broadcast of the Clarence Manion Forum which featured Captain Eddie Rickenbacker as a guest. Rickenbacker urged, among other things, that ten thousand American marines should have been sent to Cuba to prevent Castro's takeover of the country.

In another insertion on June 6, 1961, Goodell called the attention of his colleagues to a column by Paul Harvey which appeared in *Human Events*. The column, entitled "Who Will Go to Bat for General Walker?" was a strident defense of the general against "Reds," "slime-mongers" and "pinko-generals."

Another item put into the *Record* that same month and called "incisive" by Goodell, was a newspaper column by Richard M. Nixon which said in part:

> In Laos, we talked big and backed down when the chips were down. As a result, the whole American position in Southeast Asia has been jeopardized. And, unless we soon find a time and place to back up our words with action, the nations in that vitally important area will be gobbled up by the Communists one by one.

In the early days, Charles Goodell was also a tight man with a buck. In 1961 he refused to vote for an extension of the federal debt limit ceiling, explaining:

> An increase of $15 billion for the fiscal year 1962 is requested now only because this Congress has been irresponsible in expenditures. The money of our grandchildren and generations yet unborn is pouring forth to feed political appetites without justification or merit.

In June of this year, the issue came up again. A bill was before the Senate to raise the permanent debt limit from $365 billion to $380 billion, with a temporary increase to $395 billion through June 30, 1971. Goodell voted yea.

While in recent years Goodell has voted for federal aid to agriculture and education, it was not always so.

In 1960, Rep. Goodell attacked the

Kennedy Administration's farm bill, calling it a "legislative and constitutional monstrosity" because it moved toward "more regimentation of our farm economy." What was needed, said Goodell, was "a farm program which will bring freedom and good sense back into the farm picture, not this political poultice."

The Congressman exhibited a similar attitude of distrust toward federal financing of education. Goodell made several points, among them:

> 1. Any assumption by the Federal Government of the general burden of education represents a marked departure from the pattern in which our American educational system has developed and thrived historically.
>
> 2. Generalized federal aid to education will inevitably mean federal control. It is senseless and vapid to contend that the mere insertion in a bill of pious clauses disavowing any intention to exert federal control will prevent encroachment. . . .

The warnings of Rep. Goodell as to the perils and pitfalls of federal intervention seem to have been forgotten by Sen. Goodell. In a speech in March of this year, Goodell denounced as "inadequate" President Nixon's guaranteed income Family Assistance Program and put forth his own plan calling for a federal floor of $3,800 instead of the Administration's proposal of $1,600.

Sen. Goodell hailed the federally subsidized Family Assistance Program as "a historic step toward a national system of income maintenance. In addition, he criticised the Nixon plan's work requirement as "demeaning" and "offensive." This characterization of work is in sharp contrast with the Charles Goodell of 1961 who in a Memorial Day address in Geneseo, N.Y., warned of what he called the "most contagious disease known to mankind"; "Govern-me-itis . . . Support-me-itis . . . Cancer of the Lazy Bone."

In this strongly anti-government address, Goodell spoke of the symptoms of this "disease":

> 1. A feeling that hard work is to be avoided, if possible, but in any event kept to a minimum. . . .
>
> 2. A feeling that somehow there is a collective wisdom about government that will solve our problems better for us that we can accomplish on our own.
>
> 3. A feeling that we live in an unreal world in which money that comes from Washington is like manna from heaven.

Freshman Congressman Goodell even took a shot at big labor and the minimum wage in a 1960 speech posing the question: "Should the Federal Government be given jurisdiction over business which operates purely within a single state?"

He went on to blast a Kennedy Administration proposal as being "dictated by the little collection of national labor leaders with which he consults on such matters."

On the subject of youth, Rep. Goodell wasn't nearly so slavishly servile as Sen. Goodell, who at one point this year in a San Francisco lay sermon went off the deep end declaring: "May we each, in our own way, understand that Christ today would be a demonstrator."

HOW DOES Sen. Goodell explain all these inconsistencies? Not very well. Even his explanations are inconsistent. In a *NY Times* profile piece in September 1969, Goodell said: "I think people who think I've changed my spots just didn't read my spots in the first place." Yet, in an article in the *Wall Street Journal* in May of this year he is quoted as saying: "Sure, I've changed. Anybody in politics who hasn't changed during these last ten, tumultuous years just hasn't been living."

But, any way you slice it, the political flip-flop of Charlie Goodell has been the biggest reversal of field since Roy Riegels ran the wrong way in the 1929 Rose Bowl game. And while it's true that he's come a long way, baby, it appears that like Riegels' run, it has all been in the wrong direction. □

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LETTER FROM VIETNAM

One Simple Decision

CHARLES COE

The other day I was thinking about something Eldridge Cleaver said in one of his speeches. You're either part of the problem, or you're part of the solution. I knew there was something wrong with that statement, although not being a thinker of his cosmic proportions I couldn't put my finger on it right away. Then I got to thinking of an incident that happened while I was in Vietnam and it occurred to me it might have some bearing on what Cleaver had said and I thought you might possibly be interested in it at NATIONAL REVIEW. *So I've included it for your perusal.* —*C.C.*

WE WERE MAKING a series of amphibious raids along the coast of South Vietnam. Operation Dagger Thrust, the Navy called them. We were billeted on three ships. One of the ships had been in the Iwo Jima invasion in 1945. We were making raids like that. Like World War II. Except it wasn't World War II.

The raids weren't much. We never found anything. The raids were for the Navy. There wasn't much for them to do in the Vietnam war and they wanted some action. I guess their career officers needed medals for promotion.

Most of the raids were battalion-sized. There are four rifle companies in a battalion. Each company has about two hundred men. I was a company commander. The plan was to land two companies across the beach in am-tracs and helilift two companies a mile inland to a blocking position on a ridge that ran parallel to the beach. We would be able to trap anything between us.

There was a village between us. The village was a collection of mud-walled huts with roofs of thatched straw. There was a grove of sugar palms near the village. The rest of the land was rice paddies. The paddies were low and flat. They were ribboned with earthen dikes. It was the planting season and the paddies were filled with water. It would be hard to move quickly across the paddies.

The naval intelligence officer who briefed us said there was a platoon of Vietcong in the village. He said it was certain. He had been certain before. We expected to find nothing. We expected it to be like it had been before.

I couldn't sleep the night before the landing. My company was on a helicopter carrier. It was named the *Iwo Jima*. It was brand-new. I lay on my canvas rack in the Troop Officers' Quarters and stared at the red battle lantern and listened to the sounds of heavy breathing and quiet talking and snoring. I couldn't sleep and I lay there sweating and staring at the battle lantern and waiting.

Breakfast was at 0330. It was steak and eggs. They had eaten steak and eggs before Iwo Jima too. I couldn't eat. My mouth was dry and I only wanted to get the raid over with.

After breakfast I went to the troop compartment and got into my pack and picked up ammunition and grenades. Then I led my men up to the flight deck to wait for the dawn.

The helicopters were on the deck warming their engines. The noise was very loud. It was too loud to talk and I stood there feeling the vibrations through the steel deck plates. I checked my men to make sure everybody had all his gear and was wearing it properly. There was nothing else to do.

The carrier swung into the wind. It was time to begin. The sky was dark gray, but near the horizon it was lighter. It was almost dawn.

We boarded the helicopters, running to them at an angle because they were ahead of where we had been waiting. My canteens flapped heavily against my hips as I ran. I held the canvas pouch of grenades against my stomach as I ran so it wouldn't bounce.

Dawn came up while we were in the air. We were almost over the beach when it came up. Below us I could see the amtracs heading for the shore in a neat line trailing white wakes behind them. It was like watching a World War II movie.

We landed at the far end of the ridge. My company was in some thick grass called *tran*. It hid us, but did not give us cover from enemy fire. That was all right. We did not expect any enemy fire. We expected it to be like the other raids.

You could see the village in the distance. There was a fine mist rising from the rice paddies. It was only a morning mist. The sun would burn it off.

Then I saw Marines coming across the beach toward the village. Through the mist the scene looked unreal and very far away. I felt tired then and wanted to go to sleep.

I heard firing. I could see muzzle flashes too, bright orange like sunbursts. There was rifle fire from the village and the heavier sound of automatic weapons and rockets from the Marines. Then the Marines stopped firing. I could not understand why.

I saw people moving from the village toward us. A dirt path curved around our end of the ridge and stopped at the paddies. The path led to a trail that led to the main north-south highway along the coast. The French used to call the highway "the street without joy." I pressed myself flat against the ground—as low as I could get.

The people coming toward the ridge didn't see us. The grass was tall, sharp-edged and pale as corn. We were well-hidden. I kept whispering to my men, "Don't shoot yet. Don't shoot yet."

NOW I COULD SEE the people coming toward us more clearly. They were in three groups. They were moving along a paddy dike and they were almost running, but they weren't quite running. The first and last group carried weapons. They were soldiers. They were Vietcong. Most of them wore black peasant pajamas, but there were a few khaki uniforms too. Between the soldiers was a cluster of women and children and old men. They were not armed.

As they neared our position they began cutting across some of the smaller dikes toward our end of the ridge. I chambered a round in my .45 caliber pistol and let the hammer down gently with my thumb. I heard my men doing the same thing.

I knew the Vietnamese were trying to reach the path. I knew there could be no order to shoot as long as the civilians were with the soldiers. I knew the soldiers knew that too, although they

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RUSSELL KIRK

OUR NEGLECT OF VOCATIONAL TRAINING

FROM THE ACADEMY

About eight years ago, Mr. Christopher Jencks estimated that perhaps 1 per cent of the students enrolled in our colleges are interested in obtaining a rigorous intellectual discipline; another 2 or 3 per cent seek a fairly good general education; about 5 per cent desire an introduction to middlebrow culture and middle-class conviviality.

And what about all the rest of the undergraduates? Well, approximately half of their number haven't the foggiest notion of why they enrolled in college—except to avoid conscription, or because dad sent them. The interest of the remainder is in professional or vocational training—chiefly vocational. Since Mr. Jencks wrote, doubtless the proportion of students who really desire learning for learning's sake has diminished—because enrollments have grown enormously.

Now, a college of arts and sciences is not meant to be a center for vocational training—although a great many parents send their offspring to the campus under the impression that the college was founded to provide young people with cushy jobs. One reason why we hear shrieks of "Relevance!" on nearly every campus is that the true higher learning cannot be relevant to future employment, in most instances. A college is a place for the cultivation of abstract ideas; but the vast majority of our collegians aren't interested in abstractions; they desire merely certification as potential employees.

So it is that our colleges, with some honorable exceptions, try to be all things to all men—and fail. One result of this confusion is a conspicuous overproduction of BAs and BSs in many fields; the overproduction of MAs and PhDs is worse still. A vast number of this year's graduates are finding it difficult to obtain any employment commensurate with their expectations. This is sadly true of the sciences, as of the liberal arts.

School superintendents declare that new teachers are a drug on the market, in 1970—even teachers of physics and other disciplines for which dominies formerly were in short supply. At the college and university level, an even larger proportion of would-be instructors will find their services rejected. In department after department, college after college, I hear of more than a hundred applications for a single instructorship.

In fine are not our colleges preparing most of their students for white-collar sinecures no longer to be obtained? So a recent report from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare suggests. Opportunities for the technically trained, this report tells us, are increasing far more rapidly than are opportunities for the graduates of liberal arts colleges. Even fifteen years or so from now, less than 20 per cent of the jobs available in the United States will require a college degree. And yet soon we will be sending half of our high school graduates to college, and educationist enthusiasts talk windily of college degrees for every student—boy and girl!

Considerable information on this large subject has been supplied to me by a member of the Michigan legislature, Representative John P. Smeekens; indeed, he has drawn up a formal report on vocational training in Michigan. Representative Smeekens points out that the Federal Government spends $14 on higher education for every dollar it spends on vocational training; and the government spends $4 on vocational training for adults ("rehabilitation") for every dollar it spends on such training in secondary schools. Our priorities seem confused.

Nor do the state educational systems act more prudently. The Michigan Department of Education observes that of students now in the ninth grade, three out of four will seek employment on graduation from high school, if not before; yet only one out of every six ninth-graders in Michigan receives any training that would fit him for any sort of employment.

What the great bulk of students both in secondary schools and in colleges really need, Representative Smeekens argues, is schooling in skills. Yet little is done. The community colleges, now rising mushroom-like in every state, were meant in part to satisfy this demand; but the typical junior-college administrator is rather ashamed of that decent task; he aspires to convert his college into a four-year institution.

Thus we try to pound square pegs into round holes. We refuse to accept the hard fact that the large majority of young people are quite right, actually; they know they never will love theory; their healthy instinct is to find some satisfactory occupation, reasonably lucrative, and then to rest content. What wonder that they rise the rebellion against the folly of trying to convert them into philosophers?

At the high-school level, we need to satisfy demand by providing (in addition to some improved general education) competent vocational training, apprenticeship opportunities, and released time for on-the-job learning. In this, we urgently need the cooperation of unions and of employers.

At the college level, we need to distinguish between institutions meant to impart an intellectual discipline and institutions meant to impart skills. Until we draw that line, and designate institutions accordingly, Behemoth University will be tumultuous (to put it mildly). We ought actively to discourage the vocationally bent from aspiring to a snob-degree. As things are moving, we will create a quasi-intellectual proletariat, unemployable on the terms they desire and burning with resentments. □

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DELECTATIONS

Unforgettable, Unforgotten

ALEC WAUGH

I WAS DISAPPOINTED last April when I found that no jumbo-jet was available on the airline by which I was planning to leave New York. I always like to be an early bird where any new style of transatlantic transport is concerned. In the spring of 1936 I was one of the first to book passage on the *Hindenburg*.

It was an ambivalent experience; the most memorable of my many crossings, but also the most boring; I might say the only boring one. Tedious though the pre-jet flights could be with their stops at Shannon and at Gander, one was sustained by the prospect of imminent arrival. We left Frankfurt on a Friday, which involved for an Englishman a preliminary three-hour flight from London and a four-hour wait in a hotel lobby. We were due at Lakehurst on the following Monday morning.

Three nights, two days with the clock every five hours going back thirty minutes. The ship was full, with fifty passengers aboard; the accommodations were limited. The dining room was furnished with two long tables; a second room of similar dimensions was partitioned into a writing room and a music room. There were six armchairs in the music room. The two-bunked cabins were minute. In addition there was a small downstairs bar, the only place where smoking was permitted.

Slanting windows jutted from the flanks of the dining room so that you could look down at the ground immediately below. It seemed only a few feet away. You could distinguish the faces that peered up. A chicken farm was convulsed with terror as our shadow passed over it, the fowl dashing from side to side of their wire pens in fear that a vast hawk was preparing to swoop down on them. There was no movement, no noise, no vibration. It was hard to believe that we were in the air. I felt I was in a gigantic boat moving over smooth water.

Early on Saturday we flew over the Scilly Isles; they were small and friendly, green and peaceful in the morning sunlight, whitewashed houses with slate roofs and little harbors with fishing boats at anchor. On Monday there was the majestic variety of the New England countryside. These hours were unforgettable, but there were very few of them, only four in all. The rest of the time we were over the Atlantic with nothing to look at, nothing to do but read. It was impossible to take any exercise. The writing tables were occupied by indefatigable inscribers of postal cards, the armchairs by slumbering forms.

The intervals between meals passed slowly and the meals themselves were not enlivening. The fare was copious, gourmand not gourmet, heavy and Teutonic; admirable for the very hungry, which we were not. Moreover, on this particular trip one table was given over to a German industrial delegation that was to visit the Ford factories in Detroit. Their table was decorated with Opel insignia and black and yellow flags. They wore black and yellow buttons on their lapels. They were very hearty. They began and concluded each meal with a speech at the end of which they rose to their feet and shot out their arms in the national salute. Their exuberance dampened the spirits of the other passengers—a polyglot of miscellaneous collection, mainly male. In my section of the table no one spoke French or English. I spoke no German. I overate in silence.

Conversation was possible only in the bar. As a non-smoker I did not feel justified in occupying valued space when I was not actually drinking and as I was consuming two-thirds of a bottle of wine every meal, I had to be cautious with aperitifs. There was nothing to do but read and gorge and sleep. Others seemed equally frustrated, particularly a heavily built cotton man who before we embarked had started a flirtation with a sleek, tall Scandinavian. He assiduously plied her with cocktails, wine and liqueurs. He fenced her off from the enterprise of other males, but the dice were loaded against him. There are no boat decks on an airship, no twilight corners, nowhere to hold hands. For a brief while, she appeared to be flattered by his attentions, but by the end of the first full day she was beginning to get bored. By Sunday dinner she had grown taciturn. My first evening in New York I saw her with another escort.

Never have two-and-a-half days passed more slowly, yet in retrospect I see that trip as one of the least unworthwhile projects that I have undertaken. Even then I knew that it was very special.

My reason for making it was, as I have said, my insistent instinct to be in on the new thing, but I had a professional reason too. I had at that time the good fortune to be one of *Redbook*'s favorite short story writers, and was under the particular care of Voldemar Vetluguin, that charming and warmhearted Russian émigré whose bright flame was so untimelily quenched after a losing bout with Hollywood. He relied on me for fashionable international settings—Ascot, Henley, Cowes. "Couldn't you use the *Hindenburg*?" he said. Vetluguin was the one editor with whom I was able to talk over stories before I wrote them—most novelists will agree that the stories they talk about do not get written.

I soon thought up a plot. An Anglo-American marriage was on the rocks in London. *"You say tomatoes, I say tomatoes, let's call the whole thing off."* The American wife in despair runs home; but on the very next day the *Hindenburg* is due to fly. The husband secures a last-second passage. He overtakes his wife in mid-Atlantic. When the *Normandie* docks, he is at the gang-plank. And there is *the* reconciliation in the customs shed.

Vetluguin approved of the result. "We'll publish it in March," he said, "before the airship season starts. You mark my word: the *Hindenburg* is going to be the chic thing next summer."

I SAW HIS POINT. It is chic to be on the maiden voyage of the *Bremen*, the *Queen Mary*, the *Normandie*, but that is a chicness that you share with several hundred others. The *Hindenburg* was in another league; it represented a technique of traveling that was not only new but was available to only a very few, fifty at a time, with the flights widely spaced. It soon became apparent that Vetluguin's prophesy was to be fulfilled. The *Hindenburg* was unique. A trip on it gave you a social *cachet*. And in the early summer of 1937, as the ultimate vindication of its uniqueness, a small group of English socialists who were due to attend George

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The Future Lies Ahead of Us

JOHN GREENWAY

Between Two Ages: America's Role in the Technetronic Era
By Zbigniew Brzezinski
Viking, 350 pp., $7.95

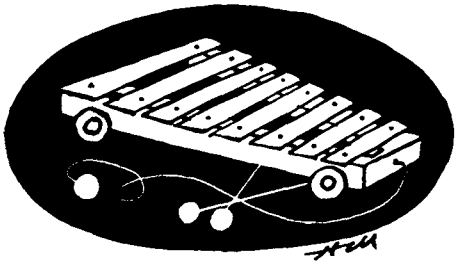
Three years ago, when Zbigniew Brzezinski and I were serving as honorably underpaid "resource persons" to a week-long seminar of millionaires gathered at Aspen, Colorado to ski and cerebrate, he began sending up trial balloons for this book. Brzezinski (hereafter ZB) was then one of LBJ's Policy Planning Counselors, so a few of his aerostats were concerned with how his mob was going to salvage the cities.

They were exquisite Montgolfieran balloons from the edge of the Enlightenment, riots of flamboyant intellectual color painted in bewilderingly intricate fiscal patterns on a background of pale pink, trailing ribbons of such captivating idealism that I was actually reaching into my pocket to contribute five dollars toward the millennium, when I realized that these balloons were rising aloft on hot air and several hundreds of billions of tax dollars. "Zbiggy," I said gently (we called him Zbiggy), "You're overlooking something. You folks ain't gonna be in office come next election to do any of this stuff."

That is the main trouble with this book. It is full of small lethalities, beginning with the first sentence, wherein he commends the congenial setting for scholarly research at Columbia University.

Let us dispose first of the sub-titular concept that argues a cultural revolution by means of which we have broken out of the smoggy subsonic industrial age into the limitless blue of what he calls the Technetronic Era. Our acceleration by Couéist computers is already so great, he warns, that unless we do something about it pretty quick we will be so far beyond the Third World that we will be unable to help the Underprivileged Emerging Nations destroy us.

All such sonorous talk, past and present, about Revolutions and Eras (even the Industrial Revolution) is flapdoodle. There has been only one absolute mutation in the evolution of civilization: the discovery of agriculture. Everything else has followed inevitably, inexorably and steadily—except for the forward spurts given to progress, ironically enough, by war. The Technetronic Age, ZB says, is just beginning. Well, now. Two thousand years ago the Greeks had complex mechanical computers. By the seventeenth and eighteenth century everybody was inventing them. In 1728 a Frenchman was using punch cards to run an automated loom. A Frenchman, look you. When I was a student at the University of Pennsylvania in 1946 I recall looking in at the ENIAC, the first electronic



computer, clacking secretly away on formulae for the hydrogen bomb. I thought it was very clever.

Any philosopher who expects to anticipate the future must go back at least to the Paleolithic for his data, and no one who has done so would seriously predict what will happen in any field in the next six months. When ZB extrapolates trends of the middle 1960s to construct an image of the year 2000, he is not making scientific predictions; he is touting a horse race. The imposing base of documentation that runs unreadable along the bottom of his book's pages is not convincing; it is only a structure of Tinker-Toy statistics.

So much for the concept of the Technetronic Era. What is left are ZB's observations on Russia and the United States. When he speaks on international Communism, I truly believe he is the West's outstanding authority despite the fact that Townsend Hoopes told me so. But Communism is so virulent a social pathology that it can be safely studied only by autopsy. It infects the mind of even so hostile a scholar as ZB so that he thinks Stalinism is somehow different from genuine Communism, that Dubcek's Czechoslovakia was as free and as politically innocent as Arkansas in 1912, and that the current Sino-Soviet verbal brawling is more significant for the outside world than Andy Capp bashing his old woman. Nevertheless his book gives us otherwise inaccessible proof that negotiating with a Russian is like sitting in to a dialogue with a machete-waving lunatic. How does one reason with people who believe that ZB and Herbert Marcuse are really CIA agents who organized the Czechoslovakian revolt, or who identify Daniel Cohn-Bendit and Bill Buckley as indistinguishable "werewolves"?

THAT LEAVES US ZB's views on America, which are terminally liberal. He was HHH's foreign policy adviser, and as such he is a genetic extension of John Stuart Mill. Yet once more his inconsistencies are valuable—when, for instance, he analyzes student rebels. But every time he shuffles too close to the edge of unreality's stage, he springs backward like a burlesque comedian and pratfalls into the muck of the Kerner Report. He agrees with other liberals that many of the beautiful dissenting children are among our most brillant

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students. Like Loeb and Leopold. They are trained to reason, he says. Like defecating in the the office of his university's president. They should have a hearing, he says.

Well, Zbiggy, old chum, I've had much experience with college boys, and I can tell you they're a bad lot—dumb, and becoming measurably dumber by the semester. The Underlying Cause of student rebellion is simply the biologically imperative fact that human beings, like all successful species, are as bad as they are allowed to be, and sexually manic boys are a great deal worse. Youth does not need a hearing; it needs a bloody good clout alongside the ear.

Even adults are so unreasonably perverse that if I say anything more in criticism of ZB, they will go out and buy the book. All right, go ahead, and be damned. Just let conservatives be warned that ZB thinks "the two major contemporary visions of the modern world [are] liberalism and Communism," and that to save the Third World the United States must join with Japan and the advanced Communist nations (an oxymoron), scuttle the Monroe Doctrine and scratch the Red Chinese behind the ear. This will please them and they will be nice to us—not that we deserve it.

For myself, I think I liked Zbiggy back in the days of his pink balloons, for it was then I heard him publicly squelch a pipe-fondling, weedy-tweedy internationalist with the impatient remark that the UN was great for collecting pennies for the poor at Halloween and for giving diplomatic jobs to persons who would otherwise be unemployable unskilled laborers, but no sane man would ever let it intrude into the serious business of international relations. □

Marijuana—The New Prohibition
By John Kaplan
World, 386 pp., $8.50

TO LEGALIZE OR NOT TO LEGALIZE?

LARRY DUBOIS

"I cannot escape the feeling that drug use, aside from any harm it does," writes John Kaplan in his preface, "is somehow wrong." Kaplan, a forty-one-year-old Stanford Law professor, who neither smokes nor drinks, has not come to praise pot, but to argue the case for its legalization. He concedes the public-

health hazard such a step would involve, but maintains that the hazard already exists as surely as air pollution, and "despite its mightiest efforts, the criminal law shows today no sign of being able to dislodge it." On the contrary, "the criminal law in many ways will continue to aggravate the problem."

Licensing marijuana is Kaplan's proposal. There is no solution, he says. In his scheme, sales would be regulated along the lines of the liquor laws, but advertising would be forbidden. With fewer illegal peddlers to cope with and a huge fund of new tax resources to beef up the law enforcement, the police would be able—finally—to really crack down on anyone selling marijuana to those under eighteen.

Reduced to its simplest terms, Kaplan's case, written with the thoroughness of a legal brief and the dispassion of an accounting text, is that our marijuana laws, which are in some states more severe than those against LSD, are based on myths and emotions rather than on a realistic assessment of cost and benefits to society. It would be difficult to overstate, according to Kaplan's analysis, the parallels with Prohibition. Then, rural Protestants conspired to make illegal a practice "they associated primarily with the urban Roman Catholics," and they did so not merely to outlaw drink, but to censure "their entire life-style, including, of course, their Catholicism," Now, marijuana is associated with an attack on "many of the conventions that older society holds dear." It is a symbol of "irresponsibility, laziness and lack of patriotism," and, as with alcohol years ago, society is making the mistake of trying to "strangle the baby monster in its crib" at a time when, in fact, it is becoming increasingly difficult to round up a jury without at least one member who hesitates to bring in a conviction because he himself has broken the law at one time or another.

A former Assistant U.S. Attorney in San Francisco, Kaplan used to prosecute drug law violators, some of whom are still in jail. But after years of research which he began as a staff member of a legislative committee studying criminal law reform in California, he concluded, reluctantly, that while "all laws have costs . . . the costs of the marijuana laws far outweigh their benefits and that a drastic change in our whole approach to this problem is necessary to avoid a national tragedy of major proportions."

The foolishness of the laws boggles Kaplan's orderly mind. Some people are deterred from using marijuana, he says, but they are most likely to be those sufficiently stable to cope with the drug. Adolescents and unstable adults, precisely those people who should be encouraged to stay away from marijuana and treated once they begin using it, find an added alluring quality in an illegal drug, and they are forced to conceal from authorities their use of it. The laws, more than the effects of the drug itself, lead to a user's alienation from society and this is especially so if he is arrested. Unlike, say, tax evasion, in which the guilty party is usually willing to admit to himself he has done something wrong and merely regrets that society caught him, the marijuana laws "are not only widely violated . . . they are not even considered morally binding by those who have violated them." In other words, how many people felt *guilty* during Prohibition?

And furthermore. The laws not only cause alienation between the millions of users and the police, but also between the police and the law. The police, writes Kaplan, "are told to do two completely inconsistent things. They are told to enforce a widely violated law against a victimless crime that is generally committed in private; and at the same time they are ordered to abide by a whole series of constitutional guarantees that aim at protecting the privacy and dignity of the individual." The only cops who could even begin to enforce these laws without brutalizing their principles, says Kaplan, would be those residing in a totalitarian police state.

AND ON and on and on. With marijuana considered by its users to be as mild as alcohol, lumping it with other illegal drugs destroys effective drug education programs designed to explain the very real dangers of LSD, amphetamines and even heroin. Also, if pot is illegal, to paraphrase the bumper stickers, only outlaws will sell it, which means the buyer must associate with those who lust to push him into heroin next time. There is much evidence, says Kaplan, that it is such effects of the law, not of marijuana, that lead to heroin addiction.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ OUT THIS MONTH: *General Eisenhower on the Military Churchill*, a conversation with Alistair Cooke (Norton, $4.95). . . . Snake oil in living color: *The Great Patent Medicine Era* by Adelaide Hechtlinger (Grosset, $14.95). . . . Anthony West, son of H. G. Wells and Rebecca West, pens a semi-autobiographical novel, *David Rees, Among Others* (Random House, $6.95). . . . Sociologist Morris Janowitz moves from military life to *Political Conflict* (Quadrangle, $8.95; paper $2.95). . . . The *Harper Encyclopedia of the Modern World* dates from 1750, is edited by Richard B. Morris and Irwin W. Graham ($14.95 to Dec. 31, then $17.50).

■ OCTOBER BOOKS: Robert Blair Kaiser tells why he thinks Sirhan was put up to it in *"RFK Must Die!"* (Dutton, $9.95). . . . Margaret (Mrs. Andreas) Papandreou provides the liberal sob-of-the-month with *Nightmare in Athens* (Prentice-Hall, $8.95). . . . Maxwell Geismar weighs in with *Mark Twain: An American Prophet* (Houghton, $10). . . . *ARF! The Life and Hard Times of Little Orphan Annie*, by Harold Gray, depicts the young reactionary's adventures from 1935 to 1945. Introduction by Al Capp (Arlington House, $14.95). . . . *You Might as well Live* is a bio of Dorothy Parker by John Keats (Simon & Schuster, $7.50). . . . Pursuing his researches in the anatomy of snafu, C. Northcote Parkinson now gives the world *The Law of Delay: Interviews and Outerviews*. Illustrations by Osbert Lancaster (Houghton, $5.95). . . . Whittaker Chambers, Richard Wright, Diego Rivera and Bertolt Brecht appear in Albert Halper's memoir of the Thirties, *Good-bye, Union Square* (Quadrangle, $6.95). From the same house, *Molders of Modern Thought*, a collection of *Times* articles about Marx, McLuhan, Fanon, the whole rogues' gallery ($6.95; paper, $2.45).

■ PERIODICALS: *Amerika*, a free monthly for students, debuts in November with 500,000 projected circulation. Mark Braweman, a student at U. of Chicago Business School, is publisher. The worm of capitalism has slipped into the ad rates, which are $8,900 for a black-and white page, $11,570 for bourgeois color. . . . *Look* in trouble: Ad income down $4,859,338 for first half of 1970. . . . *Rolling Stone*, that rock biweekly, opening a book publishing division, Straight Arrow Books. President is Alan Rinzler, ex-Macmillan editor. VP in charge of the business end is Jeffrey Steinberg, fresh from his triumphs at Chelsea House, which is now filing in bankruptcy.

Not to mention that in simple financial terms the marijuana laws are a threat to anyone who wants better law and order. In California, for instance, there were 51,000 people arrested in 1968 for marijuana offenses—approximately a quarter of the state's felony complaints. Kaplan estimates that enforcement of the laws cost California $72,000,000 that year, hopelessly bogged down the whole judicial process of the state, and that all the money came from the already-squeezed budget for law-enforcement, judicial and rehabilitative activities.

Throughout, Kaplan is both prosecutor and defender for both the laws and the drug, listing every imaginable argument on opposite sides of each and presenting voluminous research, including even a comprehensive nineteenth-century British report on marijuana use in India, to support his conclusions. His final verdict about marijuana is that it has dangers, but they are overrated; that it causes less aggressive antisocial behavior than alcohol; that while it is associated with a seemingly aimless lifestyle it is, in fact, no more conducive to passivity than, say, television; that rather than add to our lists of authorized vices, one of its few socially beneficent effects to date has been to cut down the drinking problem on campus; and that no further research is necessary on its long-run dangers before changing the laws. Present research, when the myths are stripped away, is sufficient to determine the worst possible conclusion and even if that turned out in a generation to be true, the drug would be no more dangerous than tobacco, birth control pills and a growing list of bad stuff we put away these days.

No matter your beliefs, this is not a comforting book. Nor is it easy reading. The prose is competent, but Kaplan went to considerable length, one might say, to avoid missing any point anywhere. For those willing, however, to read his conclusions without the detailed analysis there is a cogent summary at the end of each chapter. The effort either way is worthwhile because the book is certain to become the almanac for anyone favoring legalization and is equally valuable for anyone opposed, but who wishes to know the enemy's best case. In the trial we face over our marijuana laws, Kaplan has written, for both sides, Exhibit A. □

The Life of Ezra Pound
By Noel Stock
Pantheon, 472 pp., $10.00

UNCLE EZ AND EZRA POUND

PETER P. WITONSKI

In 1945 Ezra Pound was still pent-up in a cage at the Disciplinary Training Center in Pisa, a decidedly tragic figure, awaiting his return to America and a possible treason trial. During his long career as a man of letters he had made many friends, and so it was quite in the natural order of things that a group of prominent American literary folk should rally to his defense in his hour of need. After all, it was argued, whatever he had or had not done, he *was* a genius, and nothing could erase his contributions to the development of modern poetry. However, one truly distinguished American poet refused to be drawn into the affair.

Wallace Stevens, as ever a pillar of common sense, lectured those who would perform a whitewash job on Pound. "He [Pound] is an eccentric man," Stevens explained. "I don't suppose that there is the slightest doubt that he did what he is said to have done. While he may have many excuses, I must say that I don't consider the fact that he is a man of genius to be an excuse. Surely such men are subject to the common disciplines. . . . His motives might be significant. Yet, it is entirely possible that Pound deliberately and maliciously undertook to injure this country. . . . I repeat that the question of his distinction seems to me to be completely irrelevant. If his poetry is in point, then so are Tokyo Rose's singing and wise-cracking."

And yet Pound's poetry was then, as it is now, the main point at issue. His economic philosophy, his racial theories, his penchant for arrant ranting over Radio Rome—all this can, and has been, largely forgotten. Like Céline, who was pro-Nazi during the Second World War, Pound is judged by his contributions to art. Uncle Ez, the crackpot votary of Social Credit, the ignorant antisemite, the apologist for Benito Mussolini, pales before the gaunt, tragic old bard of Rapallo, and may therefore be forgiven his ideological sins.

For good or ill, this has been the way

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with Pound. Intellectuals are quicker to forgive genius than mediocrity, even when the genius in question has committed mediocre sins. One is reminded of the case of John Kasper, one of of Pound's followers, who, while still in his twenties, went around the South quoting Pound's racial views. He ended up where he belonged, in jail; and, to the best of my knowledge, nobody has come forward to forgive him. But John Kasper —despite the fact that he was one of Pound's most devoted pupils—was not a genius; he was simply Ezra Pound, devoid of genius and without prominent friends.

This is not to say that Pound has been universally forgiven. He has caused sleepless nights to more than one liberal poet, and been condemned by others. Only last year Robert Lowell was denounced for publicly reading one of his poems, and everybody remembers Karl Shapiro's virulent attack in the late Forties. Pound's friends and his opponents have always had one thing in common, however: They could never get Pound straight; the paradoxes were simply too great. How could the same man be mentor to both T. S. Eliot and John Kasper? How could one man champion the causes of James Joyce and Adolf Hitler? How could the same man rave on about the "rich kikes" who started World War II, and praise the poetry of Louis Zukofsky at the same time? And what about all those silly essays on economics, and that dreadful tome *Mussolini and/or Jefferson*: How do they tie in with his poetry and literary criticism?

THERE IS, of course, a small industry within the American academy working full time on these paradoxes. The dissertations, books and articles on Pound form a small library in themselves. Hugh Kenner's *The Poetry of Ezra Pound* is certainly the most important critical contribution to this mass of scholarship. The biographical front, however, has not been as rich in production. Charles Norman's *Ezra Pound*, which was widely ignored at the time of its publication, was useful on Pound's early years, but did little to explain his political and poetical development. Now Noel Stock, an Australian poet, and former follower of Poundian economics, has written a biography which must be called the best available. And if this work does not answer the questions that have plagued those who would understand the paradoxical Pound, it will at least shed a great deal of light on the man and his development.

Here we have all the background information, along with a good deal of literary criticism. Pound once warned us against critics who started to talk

about the poet instead of the poem; but in his own case, as Stock demonstrates, one would be well advised to put this critical dictum aside. It is clearly impossible to understand the *Cantos* without understanding aspects of Pound's own life and time. If one knew nothing of his life how could one fully appreciate the *Pisan Cantos*, which are, perhaps, his finest collection of poetry, largely because they grow out of his own suffering? Stock is full of information about that suffering, as he is about Joyce and Eliot and Lewis. Joyce, for example, seems to have greatly appreciated Pound the advocate, but to have had a rather low opinion of Pound's critical faculties.

Pound was never really critical for a man who is generally regarded as being one of our century's greatest critics. His responses sometimes seem to be mere cultural tropisms, visceral, wild—and, occasionally, brilliant. Quite often the cause seems more important than the content and quality. All his life he has been a lover of causes, both literary and political, with which he associated himself. Imagism, Blast, Social Credit, fascism . . . it goes on and on. He does not seem to have been very critical about them.

Along with the causes are the people he turned into personal causes: an obscure antisemite, so virulent in his hatred of the Jews that he viewed Mosley as a "Kosher-Fascist"; Major C. H. Douglas of Social Credit fame; and a host of major and minor writers, artists and politicians. Somewhere, in the netherworld of his consciousness, T. S. Eliot and John Kasper join hands, along with Yeats and Mussolini, H. D. and A. Raven Thompson. What a weird batch of people to admire. Yet this is the story of Pound's life. One day he fights for Joyce, and the next day he sings the praises of some third-rate flop of a poet. It suffices, in the long run, that he was right as often as he was wrong. How many talented writers would have given up literature for want of money had Pound not come to their aid, one can never tell. What counts is that he believed in such giants as Eliot, Yeats and Joyce; and that he helped them financially and intellectually.

One gathers from reading Mr. Stock, that Pound viewed himself as the greatest of all his causes. Every one of his tasks he invests with a kind of marvelous majesty, that kind of self-confident majesty that Chesterton described in his famous essay on the "philosophy of the madhouse." One might add that the "madhouse" is more of a funhouse, and the resulting image is distorted by the funhouse mirrors. Yet, in the magnified grotesque of Pound's personae there are seeds of truth. Certainly he understood his historical position when he wrote, in "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley"

For three years, out of key with his time
He strove to resuscitate the dead art
Of poetry; to maintain 'the sublime'
In the old sense . . .

Like Villon who would be King, Pound would be Villon, and therefore frankly laments, shedding light on his American roots, that he was

. . . . Wrong from the start—
No, hardly, but seeing he had been born
In a half savage country out of date;
Bent resolutely on wringing lilies from the acorn . . .

In the end the paradox of Ezra Pound, as stated by the poet himself, begins to become clear. Yes, he was clearly insane. But other great artists have stared too long at the full moon. The story of Ezra Pound is the story of a man from Idaho, by way of suburban Philadelphia, who longed to be François Villon. This

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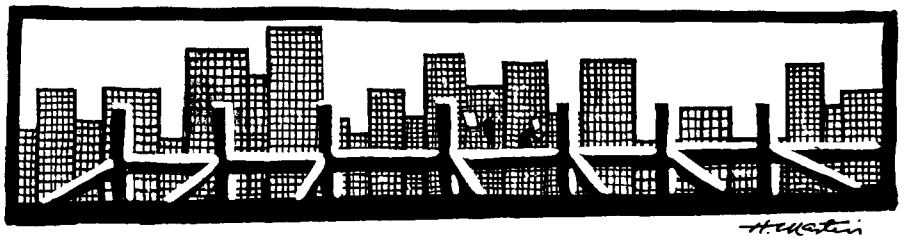

was impossible. So, perhaps, the next best thing was to don a black shirt and follow the Duce. But there is more, as the reader of Mr. Stock's book will appreciate. Even if Pound's closet of poetry contains only a set of the emperor's clothes, he will be remembered as the chief poetic instigator of his age. One writer has suggested that the first forty years of this century will be called the "Age of Pound." Who knows? □

Inside the Third Reich
Memoirs by Albert Speer
Macmillan, 570 pp., 48 pp. photos, $12.50

TEUFELDÄMMERUNG

MARCIA L. KAHN

Albert Speer wrote his memoirs, he states, as a warning for the future. Unfortunately, the future has already become the past and the present. Nevertheless, the book is to be recommended for anyone who is curious about the process of taking over more or less "true believers" and through them, aided by the lethargy of the silent majority, gaining unlimited dictatorial power.

Inside the Third Reich (which deserves a better title than this one by John Gunther out of W. L. Shirer) was almost unanimously judged by critics of the German edition (1969) to be the most valuable book about the Hitler regime written by a member of that regime. Robert Kempner, U.S. Assistant Prosecutor at the Nuremberg Trials, called it the honest confession of one who had achieved insight, one who in the last years of the War was actually the second man in the National-Socialist government. Certainly, one can admire the uncompromising honesty and objective portraits in depth which Speer gives of Hitler and his leading outriders, their motives, methods and their twists of character.

Speer is especially merciless in portraying his own character, his sins of commission and omission: "I did not know about the excesses in the concentration camps, but only because I did not want to know," he writes. Thus the reader is able to obtain an extraordinarily objective picture of the times and of the people in and close to the Third Reich leaders.

His own guilt and indeed his whole development are presented in the context of his apolitical mentality. This pure apoliticism was a natural product of his upper middle-class background, his education and his times. From his youth he avoided any discussion of politics, even with his liberal conservative father who would have enjoyed such discussions. He was educated during the Weimar Republic and writes that his own political indifference was shared by German youth in general (except for Communist youth) at that time. They sought to "escape from the demands of a world growing increasingly complicated. We felt the world around us was out of balance." All of which sounds quite up to date.

Even in the Institute of Technology in Karlsruhe where he studied architecture, and later at the Institute of Technology in Berlin, where he taught as Assistant to Professor Tessenow, he remained completely uninterested in politics. In 1931, he writes, "the students were chiefly turning to the extremists for their beliefs, and Hitler's party appealed directly to the idealism [sic] of this generation."

It was at this time that Speer's students induced him one evening to attend a meeting where Hitler was speaking. "Everything about him bore out the note of reasonable modesty," Speer writes, and adds: "Later I learned that he had a great gift for adjusting—consciously or intuitively—to his surroundings." This fact became of great importance to Speer personally and in general to every individual and mass audience to whom Hitler spoke. The Nazi leader was a man who by his manner of speaking and his character swept away any skepticism or reservations. Shortly thereafter Speer joined the National Socialist Party. "I was not choosing the NSDAP but becoming a follower of Hitler whose magnetic force had reached out to me the first time I saw him and had not, thereafter, released me."

After he had joined the party, he was given a few small commissions. He was able to carry out satisfactorily an important project in an almost impossibly short time, and he came to Hitler's attention. After a time he became the successful architect the Nazi leader himself had always longed to be, and in Speer Hitler saw the possibility of realizing the architectural dreams he could not carry out. Speer was only twenty-eight years old when Troost, Hitler's chief architect, died. Eagerly he accepted Troost's place, with the power to tear down, to plan and build anew the fantastic edifices envisioned by Hitler. It took a long time before he realized that the plans were those of a megalomaniac, that Hitler meant the new Berlin to be the capital of the "Germanischen Reiche," of a world ruled by Hitler.

When Dr. Fritz Todt, Minister for Armaments and Munitions, was killed in 1942, Speer was thirty-seven years old, and he was chosen by Hitler to take over Todt's office and his powers. Here he showed his organizational and technological genius. Plagued by the stumbling blocks put in his way by the intriguing old NSDAP hands, Speer was nevertheless able to increase armament production by 59.6 per cent in the first half of his first year in office. Dr. Geberhardt Barth, brother-in-law of General Seidlitz (both of them saved from death by Speer at the time of the July 20th bomb attempt on Hitler), states today: "The connection of political naïvité with professional efficiency . . . was and is more an 'original sin,' grounded in our history, than an individually reproachable guilty action."

Speer remained unpolitical until Hitler began, under the pressure of war losses, to let his mask slip. Fully disillusioned by the end of 1944, Speer began to sabotage Hitler's orders to "burn German earth in order to save the German people." In 1945, he contemplated killing Hitler. "I owe to him the enthusiasms and the glory of my youth as well as belated horror and guilt," he writes.

Speer allowed his feelings of guilt to surface in the last days of the war, and the decision he took then—to take the guilt upon himself for crimes committed by the National Socialists, and thus to

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relieve the German people of guilt—was one which he never changed through the Nuremberg Trials or during the twenty years in Spandau Prison.

The one weak point in the American edition of the book which the German edition did not contain, is the two-page apologia (pp. 19-20), which seems to be designed to conform to the idea of some public-relations man as to "what Americans will expect." Otherwise the translation is excellent, considering the length of the book and the short time available for translating it.

Whatever one thinks about Speer the individual, the book he wrote must be considered a valuable study of history and abnormal psychology. □

FILM CHRONICLE

THE IMPORTANCE OF NOT BEING ORSON

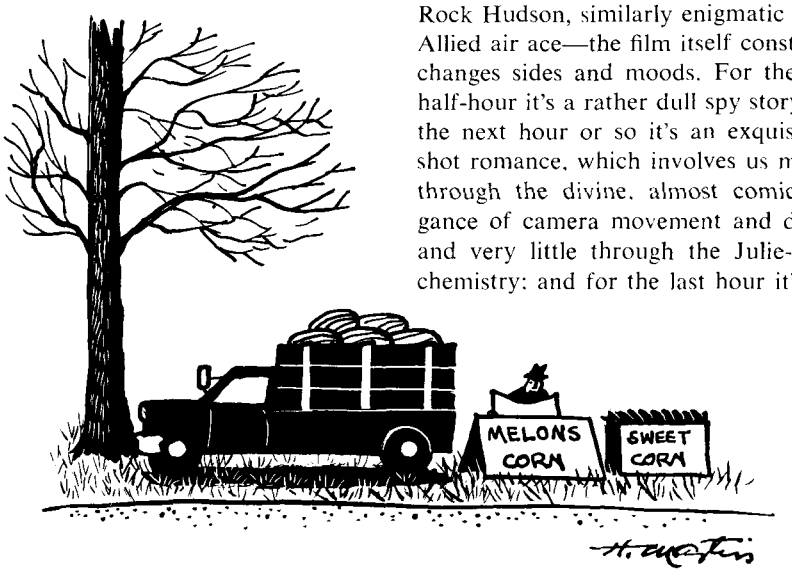
RICHARD CORLISS

The past year has been the happy witness to contributions from most of the surviving heavyweight film-makers. Antonioni, Bergman, Chabrol, Fellini, Fuller, Godard, Hitchcock, Minnelli, Truffaut, Visconti . . . even Renoir has returned, with a disappointing trio of trifles called *Le Petit Théâtre de Jean Renoir*. And now—Mike Nichols! Although *Catch-22* is only Nichols' third film, his first two *(Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *The Graduate)* were so immensely popular and so highly praised that most critics have responded to his current film with the jeers and jubilation usually reserved for radically important works, be they masterpiece or catastrophe. So it's a little surprising to discover that *Catch-22* is a film of almost equally divided merits and debits, unsuccessful but quite interesting.

Nichols' problem is that he's been everything he could possibly want to be, except for one thing: Orson Welles. And he's done everything except make the *Citizen Kane* of the Sixties and Seventies. On the surface, the film sense and talents of the two men are similar. Welles came to film from radio and the stage; Nichols came from radio, comedy records, cabaret and the stage. Welles' films were full of long-held, deep-focus shots that allowed his fine actors to develop a character and a scene without the fear of being cut to pieces in the editing room; Nichols does the same. But in his greatest films (*Kane,* 1941, and *Falstaff,* 1966), Welles created much more than an acting style and an arresting visual technique. He created—and *sustained*—a complex, universal world of his own.

More important than their similarities of background, perhaps, is the one big difference: Nichols developed his skill and style in the legendary Second City troupe that was centered around the University of Chicago in the middle Fifties. Alan Arkin, Barbara Harris, Severn Darden, Nichols and Elaine May all honed a talent for improvisational satire that is still evident in their work. Nichols' films are notable for their superb cameos, but he simply has not learned how to sustain a comic situation for an entire film. Instead, he lays his cameos end to end. *The Graduate* was half a satire of the Orange County ambience and half a romantic teen-comedy. And *Catch-22* is a series of skits, some of which are very amusing, that doesn't jell into a satisfying whole, much less into a bitter statement on corruption or war or national insanity or _____. (Anyone who actually finished reading Joseph Heller's novel is entitled to fill in the blank.)

Taken as a Nichols anthology of comic caricatures and virtuoso camerawork, *Catch-22* is indeed fascinating, and occasionally breathtaking. Though Nichols avoids genuine characterization by choosing well-known actors and letting them display their movie personae, a few of the performers manage graceful bits: Richard Benjamin is especially good in a flight briefing, where the extreme unction with which he delivers his lines is appropriate as a kind of secular last rite. But the "production numbers" —airplane take-offs, seven-deadly-sins tableaux, gory death scenes—inevitably call attention not to the film's power but to Nichols' cleverness. In Orson Welles' words (though in another context), they "immediately evoke the presence of a projector and a white screen, the existence of a series of technicians and a director who is saying, 'Good. Cut.' " For the viewer to be able to suspend his disbelief, Nichols must suspend belief in himself as the reincarnation of a great director, at least while the man is still alive and creating great films. When he concentrates modestly on the things he does best, he may become a great director himself. Only then will a young film-maker of the future dream of being "the Mike Nichols of the twenty-first century."



DARLING LILI, a sort of aerial-musical-comical - pastoral - melodramatical spy spoof whipped together by Blake Edwards and his wife Julie Andrews, is a difficult film to like, but an impossible one not to admire. The plot and, for that matter, the dialogue and music are tepid, vapid and stupid, respectively. But it is as handsome a film as you could buy for $15 million.

Darling Lili will please those of us who have found Julie's brightness and relentless good humor somewhat synthetic. It's not that she's any less false, just that this time she's *supposed* to be false: a WWI German spy who leads the English in patriotic songs. Just as one is never quite sure of Julie—or of Rock Hudson, similarly enigmatic as an Allied air ace—the film itself constantly changes sides and moods. For the first half-hour it's a rather dull spy story; for the next hour or so it's an exquisitely-shot romance, which involves us mostly through the divine, almost comic elegance of camera movement and décor, and very little through the Julie-Rock chemistry; and for the last hour it's an-

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other of Edwards' delightfully deadpan French farces, *à la The Pink Panther.*

Edwards here is like a supreme storyteller stuck with a turgid story. Since it's *his* story, he must share the blame for *Darling Lili*'s lapses and *longueurs*. But his production and direction are impeccable. *Darling Lili* is a summer bonbon wrapped so beautifully that we almost don't care that the candy has melted inside.

I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER, which Gilbert Cates has made from Robert Anderson's play of two seasons back, tells in Presbyterian terms the same sad story that *Long Day's Journey into Night* placed in an Irish-Catholic milieu and *Death of a Salesman* put in Jewish New York—the story of a family coming to terms with failure, disintegration and death. The virtues of the Anderson film can be traced to those vestiges of the Protestant Ethic that one finds in modern ethical Protestants: consideration, reticence, balance.

For example, the film lacks the balm and bile of American-Jewish mother love and father hatred that Arthur Miller captured; the father in *I Never Sang* is surely no saint, but his son's anguish is directed not only at his father for being unlovable, but also at himself for not loving him anyway. It avoids big scenes of furious conflict; the piece does have its violent clashes, but they are lined in sorrow and realized with love and respect for the dignity of the rather reserved family under consideration. Finally, except for the mother, whose part in the story is not crucial, no one is the epitome of victimized goodness, a device that would allow us to vent our hatred guiltlessly on the old man. Each of the characters is, in varying degrees, both generous and selfish, demanding and pleading, apathetic and sympathetic.

The performances are extraordinary, especially those of Melvyn Douglas as the father and Gene Hackman as the son. Cates has directed his actors with such confidence, compassion and clarity that his few gaffes as a director of the camera can be easily ignored. *I Never Sang for My Father* may not speak eloquently to catatonic cocaine-pushers, misanthropic transsexuals, or frustrated dental assistants. But the viewer who wants more from TV than a neck massage and less from films than a kick in the groin will be pleasantly surprised and, I would hope, terribly moved by the human sadness this film awakens in all of us—feelings the movies have neglected at their own peril, and ours. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

NEW REFORMATION: NOTES OF A NEOLITHIC CONSERVATIVE, *by Paul Goodman (Random House, 208 pp., $5.95)*. Here he comes down from the hills again, from those lodes that only he and his ol' mule know the way to, with a few more nuggets to trade—just enough to keep him in cornmeal, sidemeat, molasses and typewriter ribbons. First, the second part of the title: Yes, he *is* a conservative in his own way: principally because today in nineteen-hundred-and-goddam-seventy, he thinks education should "transmit Culture with a big C, the greatness of Man." Second, the first part: Young Luther came to Rome in 1510 and was scandalized; so too is old Paul in America today. What we need, now that Science is our orthodoxy, is another Reformation: the scientific military-industrial complex must be purged, with the scientists and technicians becoming Socially Responsible (danger here, Paul: Hitler and Stalin had flocks and flocks of Socially Responsible scientists at their beck-and call) and the government decentralized (two cheers—some functions can't be decentralized); education must be restructured (three). Goodman is worried about The Young. Here he despairs at their yahoo authoritarianism, there he gets maudlin (they're *our* kids), and hopes they'll be nice to him: "Let them put up with me as I with them," he says in a poem. Good luck, old-timer. C. H. SIMONDS

THE REAL MAJORITY, *by Richard M. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg (Coward-McCann, 347 pp., $7.95)*. The authors combine the use of the most up-to-date tools of psephology (the science of voting behavior) with a dose of common sense in the analysis of present day American voting trends. As they marshal the electoral facts, such myths as the coming reign of the poor, the young and the black vanish. The electorate is middle-aged (average age 47 and, even with the eighteen-year-old vote, likely to stay above 40 in the foreseeable future) and solidly middle-class. Themselves moderate liberals—though of that vanishing breed who really believe in democracy—they clearly warn the Democrats against the equation of law and order with racism. The electorate is ambivalent on the racial issue, but deeply opposed to softness on crime, drugs, hippies, student demonstrators. The authors aptly term these deep concerns of the average person "the Social Issue," and maintain that this issue threatens to overshadow traditional issues among the real majority. They believe that the Democratic Party can in conscience, and must, dissociate itself from permissiveness on the Social Issue while remaining (moderately) racially progressive. It is the responsibility of political leaders to be responsive to the people, and this is what the real majority in the center wants. Not ideologues themselves, the authors diagnose the existential folly of so many liberal politicians as a passing malady, not as the result of many years of intellectual evolution. Consequently, their ability to observe the symptoms of the crisis does not extend to an understanding of its true magnitude or its ultimate causes. J. C. MEYER

EACH OTHER'S VICTIMS, *by Milton Travers (Scribner's, 128 pp., $5.95)*. This is a strange, sad book. It is the story of a New York father who finds his eighteen-year-old son is on drugs and what he tries to do about it. Like most true narratives, this book must be judged on two levels. On the first, the general, it is evcellent journalism. The author is a perceptivn cicerone through the junkie pads of the East Village, capturing the boring squalor of the neighborohood and the mind-contratcing culture of its people. At its best, it reads like Zola—competent, solid Naturalism. However, on the personal level, when Travers tries to extract personal tragedy from collective misfortune, the book grows limp. While Sonny blows his mind on drugs, Pappa anaesthetizes his with vodka. Both are the end products of a particularly rancid type of philosophy the mindless subjectivism so fashionably today. As the title suggests, *Each Other's Victims* is gummy with reciprocal, collective guilt. And rightly so. Travers (apseudonym, by the way) is an author by trade and, like any good money writer, he feeds his personal experiences through his typewriter. In this case, it comes out painfully honest. But, after the book is read, rather than compassion, what's left is a kind of clinical sociology. However,, the author does give very useful information on the drug scene (all ammunition is valuable for the concerned parent) and the book should certainly be read for that alone. J. D. KIRWAN

THE MONEY MANAGERS, *edited by Gilbert Edmund Kaplan and Chris Welles (Random House, 279 pp., $6.95)*. Not exactly a sequel to *The Money Game,* but like that book a product of the new age of invesetment management, this collection of profiles which appeared in George Goodman's ("Adam Smith") *Institutional Investor* in 1968-69 usefully supplements Mr. Goodman's own work. Those who do not read the *Institutional Investor* (subscription is limited to the money-managers) should find this an enlightening—and entertaining—survey of the almost-current state of the art. Unfortunately, the state of the art is some distance from being reassuring. In general, managers who did well in 1967 did poorly in 1968-69, and one freyquently discovers in these pages igns of a revisionist attitude: in-house research, emphasis on fundamentals, recognition of the part played by luck. Doubtless healthy, but not very inspiriting: the net effect is that a little glamor seems to be gone from the money game. Recommended nonetheless to all current and prospective holders of common stocks. C. S. HORN

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 925)

unaristocratic and anti-intellectual view of our time.

Where has Garry Wills' conservatism gone awry? Not, I suggest, in his reading of Middle America. He understands it better than Frank Meyer does. Not in his devotion to freedom and liberty. No doubt he continues to value them, but, as always, somewhat less than he values the quality of life lived among us.

Garry Wills has accurately discerned the reality behind the surface pretensions of so much of Middle America (and the rest of America, for that matter). And, it would seem, his brand of conservatism—traditionalist rather than libertarian—has helped him to see that. The problem is that he has fallen prey to the twin temptations that face that brand of conservatism. First, he has (I would guess) failed to apply to himself the same searching gaze and discerning eye with which he scrutinizes Middle America. For who among us could do so and come away truly impressed with his selflessness? If we judged ourselves more critically, we should not so easily become dissatisfied with others. Or, perhaps one should say that he did scrutinize himself, found selfishness, and now seeks—as so many others do—to find meaning, purpose, and salvation through forced selflessness.

Second, he has failed to appreciate the one—and perhaps the only—genuine political insight which Middle America and plain men everywhere exhibit. Such men know that not all of life is political and that to attempt to make it so is the essence of totalitarianism. Such men realize, instinctively perhaps, that most humans cannot live daily for a cause—even one so noble as Mr. Meyer's freedom and liberty. They realize that most of us live—as we must—for more simple, concrete, and enduring things: home, family, religion, town, friends. That insight Garry Wills' own brand of conservatism should have given him. It is the rarely granted and difficult to retain realization of the aristocrat who remains humble and tolerant.

We cannot bludgeon Garry Wills with rhetoric about freedom and liberty. We cannot simply repeat that freedom (including economic freedom) is a *sine qua non* for improved quality of life. True though this undoubtedly is, it is to confront him with something that is extrinsic to his brand of conservatism. Within his own view there is an insight and instinct which should show him the way to return. And to that we must recall him.

Seaford, L.I. GILBERT MEILAENDER

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If you can spare one, I would appreciate it if you would send me a sample issue of *New York Column* [see August 25]. I'm relieved to hear that at last we Cadillac conservatives have our own tabloid.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Evan Esar:
The Humor of Humor

Two men were discussing their marital joys and sorrows. "My wife," said one, is a poetic creature. Every day she gets up at sunrise and says: 'Lo, the morn!' " "My wife is just the opposite," said the other. "She gets up at sunrise and says: 'Mow the lawn!' "

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COE

(Continued from page 950)

couldn't see us hidden in the tall grass and didn't know we were there.

I lay flat on my belly tasting the earth and the fear and the excitement in my mouth. It was very quiet on the ridge. The wind blew over the *tran* making it ripple. The sun was up now and it was already burning away the mist.

The dirt path was about a hundred yards from our position. The Vietnamese were almost that close. When they were that close some of the men with weapons set them down and pulled aside several large panels of woven bamboo and grass. The panels looked just like the hillside. There were some bicycles beneath the panels. The men in khaki uniforms mounted the bicycles. You could hear children crying and the soldiers shouting orders.

Then one of the men wearing a uniform yelled something very loud and drew his pistol and fired it into the women and children and old men. The rest of the men who were armed did the same thing. There was a lot of screaming and crying and the noise of the rifles was like thunder except every now and then it became a definite rhythm which lasted for a few seconds and then disappeared back into a blurred rumble.

It was over quickly. Maybe it took a minute. Maybe it took less. I don't remember. I was numb. I felt very cold, although I was sweating and the sweat kept stinging my eyes.

There was no need to issue an order to fire now. I did not give one. We just opened fired all at once. You could see puffs on the trail where the bullets struck. Yellow tracers flickered lazily into the enemy soldiers. They never knew where the fire was coming from and they moved in a fine frenzy of terror for as long as they could move. It wasn't long. Most of my company was able to bring fire on the enemy. Most of them did.

When I realized the bodies on the path hadn't moved for a long time I stopped firing. After a while everybody else stopped firing too. The grass in front of me had been burned black from the muzzle flash of my pistol. I was very tired now. It was over and I wanted to go back to the ship and climb into my rack and sleep for a long time.

We searched the soldiers. They were all dead. The civilians were all dead too. The men in uniforms had been North Vienamese regular army soldiers. They had been in the village for a meeting. One of them was a major. He must have been important. He was the one who had fired his pistol into the women and children and old men.

The major must have thought they betrayed him. He must have thought it was black and white. They betrayed him and so they must die. It was very simple for him. Things are very simple for a soldier. Things are always black and white in a war. You are alive or you are dead. You are a friend or you are an enemy. You help or you betray. He must have been very sure in his own mind about the villagers.

He was wrong. □

WAUGH

(Continued from page 952)

VI's Coronation booked themselves on a flight that would get them to London 24 hours before the ceremony. How chic to be able to whisper in St. Paul's, "Four days ago I was in New York." But alas for them, they were booked for the return journey of the airship's ill-fated last flight. □

VAN DEN HAAG

(Continued from page 945)

physically possible. Why do they want to become mothers at all? To try out the equipment? Why cast yourself in a role you don't want? As for redefining the father's role so that he shares more in what used to be maternal, that's certainly between husband and wife and can not be decided by the Constitution. I doubt that many men, or women, really would want this redefinition. I can not see why women who don't want to be mothers don't do without children. It would help solve the population problem. At any rate, those who are, and act as mothers must expect an interrupted career and, usually, lower earnings.

What about getting less pay for the same job? Undoubtedly this is unjust. Can it be changed by law? I think it might be mitigated as women enter more and more occupations, but I doubt that laws can be effective here. The employer who now hires a women because she is available at lower pay than a man will not raise her pay. He will fire her and replace here with a man, once he has to pay her as much as him. In occupations which are largely female to begin with, men who now get higher pay may be reclassified or, in turn, fired.

Equal pay, legally decreed, is likely to have the effect of illegal wage fixing: The employer, instead of hiring workers of different capacity, at different wage rates, (hiring even workers of low productivity at low wages) will stop hiring workers of low productivity when he has to pay them more than they are worth to him. They will become unemployed. He will hire only the most productive and reliable workers, and exclude those he might previously have hired at lower wages. Women are more likely to be fired or last hired than to receive the wages of men, once the law decrees equal pay.

I do not favor, then, replacing one kind of legal interference, instituted to protect inequality, with another kind, instituted to protect equality. We should abolish both kinds of legal restrictions and allow the market to determine where, when and at what wages women will work, just as the market does, or should do, with men. (Of course, legal remedies against the semilegal exclusion of groups by monopolistic organizations will still be required. Such organizations thrive only owing to legal protection, including licensing and labor laws.)

The attempt to establish inequality by law is immoral. The attempt to establish equality by law is ineffective—i.e., stupid—as well as immoral. The fact that so many women favor it does not support the intellectual pretensions on which those who do rest so many of their claims. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Private Enterprise and Dope

On The Right

New York, August 20—Excuse me, but I am off on drugs again. I have found myself, during the past months, brooding over the drug problem as all of us have done, and from time to time passing along to you this or that insight, as I have taken it from others whose concern is full-time. The desire for knowledge about drugs and drug-control is greater than for any other subject and for the best reasons. All of us know of someone who has been killed in the Vietnam war. For every victim there, there are a dozen who are potentially victimized by drugs. Representative Edward Koch of Manhattan has been struggling to get through Congress a simple bill the purpose of which would be to set up a Presidential commission to survey conflicting data on the matter of marijuana. The support for that bill was sleepy as recently as two years ago. Now it is strong; and not impossibly, when the bill actually comes up for a vote, it will pass all but unanimously. The reason is that many congressmen, many senators, are discovering that their own children, or the sons and daughters of their best friends, are in fact smoking pot. Why should that surprise them? If the sons of Ethel Kennedy and Sargent Shriver are caught smoking pot, why should it surprise us if the son of Francis of Assissi smokes pot?

THE ASSUMPTION has been all along that it will be government agencies, government researchers etc., who will save us; who will give us the information we need. There are recent signs that we will not need to depend on them. There is, for instance, the book by John Kaplan called *Marijuana—The New Prohibition* (see page 955). However, I have in recent days come across a young man whose existence I urgently wish you to know about, if you are interested in the drug problem and whose programs I enthusiastically applaud, not only because they are brilliantly informative, but because my friend—his name is Laurence O. McKinney—never understood why it was necessarily a function of the government to take the lead in enlightening the American people on the matter of drugs.

McKinney, to get his technical qualifications on the record—that being the American way—has none. He is a graduate of Harvard College, who interested himself primarily in literature, painting and music, winning prizes all over the lot. He went to the University of North Carolina where he taught English, and then to the Harvard Business School to learn about getting and spending.

He decided, in recent months, to form a company to distribute educational materials, especially for use among teen-agers, the purpose of which would be to "translate scientific truths into the vernacular."

HIS COMPANY IS CALLED the Creative Learning Group, and I am here to tell you that in the couple of years I have spent listening to people talk about drugs, about marijuana in particular, I have not learned as much from the lot of them combined, as I did from young Mr. McKinney in the course of a couple of hours. His knowledge of the field is extraordinary. Notwithstanding his non-technical qualifications, he brings to his findings a knowledge of chemistry, psychology, biology and of the sociology of youth, which are not equalled in anyone I know. What he has done, in the Creative Learning Group is to enlist the aid of a half-dozen doctors who, to judge from what they write, are qualified not only in their knowledge of the infinitely difficult questions they confront, but in the understanding of the equally difficult problem of how to pass along their knowledge to the American parent who wants it straight: How much damage, on the basis of what is currently known, will be done to my child, if he takes this or that drug, irregularly, or regularly?

Creative Learning addresses itself, not only to the teen-agers, but to teachers. Accordingly—for instance on the matter of marijuana—Mr. McKinney has available an extensive kit, which includes 35-millimeter slides, instruction booklets, questionnaires, cassettes, recording the experiences of marijuana users—everything that would be on the one hand useful to teacher or parent concerned to focus a child's attention on the problem of marijuana.

The young believe that their elders are superstitiously over-concerned about certain drugs; but the complacent notion that the old relationships between teacher and student are sufficient to invest the teacher with operative authority are equally blind. The youth need to be persuaded by a) mature talk; b) non-hysterical talk; and c) the use of the vernacular.

I rejoice that some of the brilliance of Mr. McKinney, unfinanced by the Ford Foundation, the Federal Government or U Thant, should have come up with a program so artful, informed and ingenious, and I wish him well, and hope that all those who need help in helping their children, will write to the Creative Learning Group, at 5 Boylston Street, Cambridge, Mass. □

WOMEN'S LIB WATCHING

New York, August 18—For those of you who do not live in New York City, let it be known that it is front-page news here that McSorley's Old Ale House has opened its doors, and for the first time this century, to women patrons. The regular clientele are said to be disturbed by the change in the atmosphere. Although it is not certain whether that change will endure. Because, on the day that the bill denying any public house the right to discriminate on account of sex became law, it was the Women's Lib types who went to McSorley's. And the Women's Lib types, whether they are women or men, would change any atmosphere. There are not enough Women's Lib types to stand guard forever at McSorley's, so that the question is who will replace them? Perhaps just plain women, by which it should be understood that I refer to anybody from Helen of Troy to Margaret Chase Smith, who are on the one hand most indisputably women, but on the other hand, the kind of women who would move over to the opposite end of the room when Gloria Steinem comes in. McSorley's could more easily assimilate them, of course. Even so, let us face it, the atmosphere would be different. I am careful not to say the atmosphere would be worsened—merely that it would be different. And here, I think is the point,

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or one of the points, behind the inchoate opposition to the lengths that Women's Lib is nowadays going.

The ladies are busy writing books like *The Feminine Mystique* and *Sexual Politics* and there is much that is engrossing and brilliant in these books, but inevitably the taxonomical ambition to make men and women "equal" breaks down under the unassailable insight that, at McSorley's things are different when women are admitted. It is, needless to say, the same, stated the other way around: Things would be different, at New York's Colony Club, if men were admitted. Really, one oughtn't to have to go any further than that. Those who believe that all one's emotions and instincts and preferences can be nicely situated and explained away do not know the virtues of a limited curiosity. For one thing, as Wyndham Lewis pointed out, if you succeed in exactly categorizing everyone, you rob everyone of his freedoms. From the rhetoric of equality that is being used today one has a glimpse into the future, when it will become necessary for John to give his reasons, not one of which must be even vestigially antisocial, for desiring to marry Jane. Because Jane is pretty would automatically invalidate the marriage as antisocial; surely we will not permit discrimination against non-pretty people. Because Jane is bright, ditto. Because she is Jewish and so is John? A felony. Because she is the same age as John? Prove scientifically, that marriages with older or younger girls do not work out. And so on, ad absurdum to be sure, but the question is whether the absurd is not already being treated seriously.

Not by everyone, granted. Charlotte Curtis of the *New York Times* is the most perceptive, and certainly the most amusing, cause-party watcher in New York. It was she who blew the whistle on Leonard Bernstein's party to protest those who stand in the way of the Black Panther's sublime calling to kill the pigs, and later it was Charlotte Curtis who spotted the party in East Hampton of socialites raising their glasses of champagne in a toast to the boycott of California grapes. Now Miss Curtis reports on a Women's Lib party on Long Island at which the (alas) unsinkable Mrs. Betty Friedan was going on and on about Women's Lib, including such gems as demanding that in the future it be called "*her*story, not just *his*tory," and then she called on the next speaker, Representative Patsy Mink of Hawaii, who however had mysteriously disappeared—who knows, perhaps to join the guys at McSorley's? So they introduced Gloria Steinem, at which point Jill Johnson, a writer for the *Village Voice*, jumped into the swimming pool, removed her shirt (she was, of course, bra-less), backstroked lazily up and down the pool saying how nice the water was, and altogether disrupting Miss Steinem's speech, so that not even Mrs. Friedan, seizing the mike, could reclaim the attention of the other hundred important guests who had paid $25 each to advance their cause. It was little short of fiasco, but the very next day the House of Representatives passed a bill which if it gets through the Senate and three-fourths of the state legislatures, would become a constitutional amendment: illegalizing any discrimination whatsoever based on sex. So far as one can see from a very quick survey of the kind of legislation the Amendment would inconvenience, it would result in at least the loss of as many special privileges (e.g., alimony, maternal leave, protection against rape, etc.) as the ladies would gain. The House voted without hearings, without debate and without, if we may say so, deliberation. It is a pity that Jill Johnson wasn't there to throw herself into the House swimming pool and distract the attention of the gentlemen legislators. Perhaps she is holding out for the Senate. □

THE VICTORY OF CESAR CHAVEZ

New York, Aug. 15—The César Chavez people appear to have won their fight to unionize the grape-pickers in Southern California, and it is worth a moment to meditate on the means through which they succeeded in winning, and the consequences of their victory.

1. It is easy enough to say simply that it cannot be other than glad tidings that the grape-pickers in Southern California will be earning 20 per cent more than they earned before. But of course there are those who will remind themselves that economics doesn't work that way, else—for instance—we would send César Chavez to India, to call for a general strike because, over there, the hourly pay of a PhD is less than the hourly pay of a grape-picker in Southern California.

The emotional difficulty with any discussion in this area is obvious. If it is established that the hourly pay of the grape-picker in Southern California is say $1.67, the temptation is to say that so insufficient a wage ought not to be condoned. But the free market does not dispose of moral judgments. The question has been whether a) you permit migrant workers, many of whom come in from Mexico, to continue to work at a price which is acceptable to employer and employees; or b) you simply forbid said workers to come in to work at wages we consider to be too low.

The trouble with siding automatically with the apparently benevolent side of this: if the price of labor is raised, by political pressures, say by 50 per cent then of course the extra cost is passed along to the grape buyer. Since the desire for grapes is not inflexible, it follows that there will be those who reject the new price; and their rejection will mean, according to the terms of the economic argument, very simply: fewer grapes sold, fewer migratory workers hired.

2. But even if in the long run the grape-pickers lose, you have to hand it to Chavez, who succeeded in intimidating everybody you ever heard of to not buy California grapes. Indeed, non-California-grape-eating was indisputably the single most important thing that a lot of people, primarily Eastern seaboard blue-bloods, were able to manage during 1969-1970. Mr. Chavez's campaign was effective, reaching even to the airlines, even if their boycott was less than candid. TWA—for instance—reported through a vice president to one inquirer last May that although it theoretically isn't proper for an airline to take sides on a political controversy, "We were well aware that this is a case where, in effect, one can take sides by inaction as well as action." The solution? ". . . We had decided to remove fruit baskets from our domestic flights on June 15. We will substitute a so-called Fruit Bowl au Kirsch; grapes will not be utilized in this concoction." A few weeks later another vice president of TWA wrote to a different inquirer, "I . . . appreciate this opportunity to discuss the reports which appeared in the press to the effect that TWA was 'boycotting' grapes. The change which apparently gave rise to this erroneous and unfortunate report involved, among other things, the substitution of a so-called Fruit Bowl au Kirsch for a fresh fruit tray which we had been offering under the previous menu. The recipe for this Fruit Bowl was developed in an effort to make the dish taste good; that was the only criterion used in its development. The fruit tray for which it substituted included: in addition to grapes, things like oranges, apples, pears and bananas." So that, depending on what you want to hear, Official A says: We're cutting down on grapes, because if we use grapes we are in effect siding with the pro-grape people; and Official B of the same company says: You're crazy if you think our non-grape position has anything to do with César Chavez.

3. Will Mr. Chavez now rest? Or will he move on to unionize farm workers in general? If he calls for a more general boycott, the poor people in Southampton—and in TWA—may find that they are reduced to a diet of Fruit Bowl au Kirsch made up exclusively of grapes. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Two Supreme Court justices (1789-1791) and (1943-1949)
37 125 69 184 60 2 192 103

B. A chief justice of the United States
44 185 209 172 9 190 177 106 87

C. A Supreme Court justice (1799-1804)
57 86 66 136 143 189 202 218 80 149
155

D. An item thrown in athletic competitions
63 129 109 119 81 43

E. What James F. Byrnes is
71 24 61 111 200 83 207 47 78

F. A Supreme Court justice (1826-1828)
75 8 40 46 132 170 212 222 1 32
58 85 91

G. A Supreme Court justice (1922-1938)
95 33 36 70 76 150 179 187 22 92

H. The glandular hairs of a hop used in medicine
131 62 13 73 193 201 139

I. An Old Testament prophet mentioned in the New
15 41 49 52 72

J. A Supreme Court justice (1791-1793)
135 11 31 77 141 154 124 168 213 7
16 38 50

K. Any of certain resinous substances, used in incenses, ointments, etc.
156 153 79 144 188 173 107 178 112

L. Assemblies, congregations, churches
166 128 159 146 118 163 186 180 151

M. Another name for Cape Bon
169 164 174 148 126 198 160 14

N. The personification of the sea
206 113 171 226 196 181 211 194

O. A small fertile or green area in a desert region
3 28 30 55 93

P. A Supreme Court justice (1858-1881)
97 108 120 157 162 4 34 45 94 121
167 176 215 18

Q. A town on Long Island
88 199 223 48 175 115 204 219 98 10

R. A chief justice of the United States (he ought to be a name-dropper)
104 84 114 123 133 197 19 96 145 161
165 191 205 216 42 82

S. Town in Japan
12 137 23

T. Due
25 147 17 101 64

U. A type of postage stamp
68 65 127 29 53 214 102

V. A Greek letter
6 210 74 203 221

W. The first nuclear-powered submarine, United States Navy
152 225 39 21 138 227 54 116

X. Wife to Iago
90 220 158 59 183 208

Y. A Supreme Court justice (1798-1829)
182 130 134 35 100 26 51 56 122 89

Z. A Supreme Court justice (1823-1843)
195 99 105 140 224 5 27 67 110 117
142 217 20

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 962 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

		1 F		2 A	3 O	4 P	5 Z		6 V	7 J	8 F	9 B		10 Q	11 J	12 S		13 H	14 M
15 I	16 J	17 T	18 P	19 R	20 Z	21 W		22 G	23 S	24 E	25 T	26 Y		27 Z	28 O	29 U		30 O	31 J
	32 F	33 G	34 P	35 Y		36 G	37 A	38 J	39 W	40 F	41 I	42 R		43 D	44 B	45 P	46 F	47 E	48 Q
49 I	50 J	51 Y		52 I		53 U	54 W	55 O	56 Y	57 C	58 F	59 X	60 A		61 E	62 H	63 D	64 T	65 U
	66 C	67 Z	68 U		69 A	70 G	71 E		72 I	73 H	74 V	75 F	76 G	77 J	78 E		79 K	80 C	81 D
82 R	83 E		84 R	85 F	86 C		87 B	88 Q		89 Y	90 X	91 F	92 G	93 O		94 P	95 G		96 R
	97 P	98 Q	99 Z	100Y	101T	102U	103A		104R	105Z	106B	107K		108P	109D		110Z	111E	112K
113N		114R	115Q	116W	117Z	118L	119D	120P		121P	122Y	123R		124J	125A	126M	127U	128L	129D
130Y	131H		132F	133R	134Y	135J	136C	137S	138W	139H	140Z			141J	142Z		143C	144K	145R	146L
	147T	148M	149C	150G	151L	152W		153K	154J		155C	156K	157P	158X	159L	160M	161R		162P
163L		164M	165R	166L		167P	168J	169M	170F	171N	172B		173K	174M		175Q	176P	177B	178K
179G		180L	181N		182Y	183X	184A	185B	186L	187G	188K		189C	190B	191R	192A	193H	194N	195Z
	196N	197R	198M		199Q	200E		201H	202C	203V	204Q	205R	206N	207E	208X	209B		210V	211N
	212F	213J	214U	215P	216R	217Z	218C	219Q		220X	221V	222F	223Q	224Z	225W	226N	227W		

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How this book got its offbeat title — as told by Aloise herself...

Did I *really* tell Timothy that Tommy Major's mother was going to Hell because she voted for Johnson? No, I did not. Once and for all.

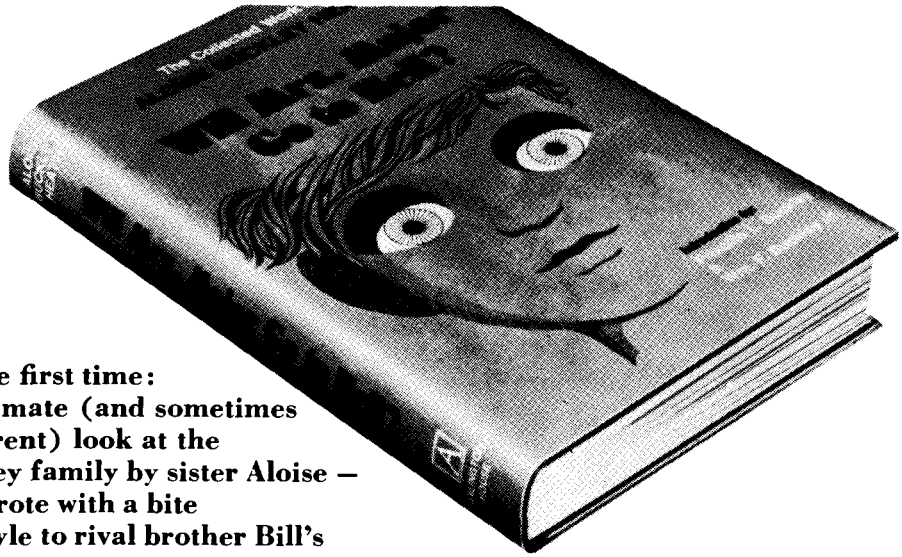
What happened was this. One day Timothy said: "Would you go to Hell if you voted for Johnson?"

I said: "Do you mean me or do you mean people? If you mean me, the answer is yes because I'm an educated voter and I'd be committing a mortal sin if I voted for him. If you mean 'people,' no, because they are not as smart as your dear, dear mother, you lucky boy." Tim looked at me gravely. "Will Tommy's mother go to Hell? She's going to vote for Johnson."

"Oh, I don't think so, Tim," I said, not terribly interested in the whole subject. "She doesn't know enough to know what she's voting for. But wouldn't she be surprised if she *did* go to Hell!"

It was then that I made my big mistake. You remember those lovely warm days last fall. Well, they affect me very badly. They increase my euphoria to the point of mania. I was near the piano while I talked to Tim and I sat down and played and sang, *"Tommy's mother went to Hell/On the Donkey ticket/Now she knows a Johnson vote/Is very, very wicked."* Timothy thought it was charming and rushed out to collect his friends Brian and Billy to hear it. Billy called in his sister Beth who was playing with Pammy Shepherd from the next street over. In about ten minutes there were over a dozen children in the house bawling out at the top of their lungs the news that *"Tommy's mother went to Hell."* And what was I doing? Big fat fool that I am, I was sitting there at the piano bawling it out with them and playing different versions of the piano accompaniment and setting up duets and interesting arrangements and in general behaving not at all like a woman whose living room windows face onto the Major driveway. And that's absolutely all there is to it.

I don't blame her for thinking it was a rehearsal. I don't even blame the children for telephoning her the next few days and nights to sing it. I drummed it into their heads so hard they probably still can't think of another tune. And that I swear is the whole story. It is absolutely what happened. And don't believe any other version.



For the first time: an intimate (and sometimes irreverent) look at the Buckley family by sister Aloise — who wrote with a bite and style to rival brother Bill's

WILL MRS. MAJOR GO TO HELL?

by Aloise Buckley Heath

— with a long, haunting, loving Introduction by Priscilla L. Buckley and William F. Buckley, Jr.
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Aloise Buckley Heath might well have won the acclaim she deserved: as a major American humorist. In this collection of her writing – some published, some appearing for the first time in print, some from the book privately printed as a tribute to her late father – her genius and her gay spirit shine brilliantly to cheer a weary land and to remind us, when we need it most, that life in America can be good, and fun.

She tells us about her father, William F. Buckley, Sr., and how he enforced his simple theory about raising children: "that they become absolutely perfect." She tells about brother Billy who, at age six, wrote to George V demanding that England pay her war debt . . . and about brother Reid who, a generation ahead of his time, sported heavy sideburns.

She tells about her childhood at the family estate in Connecticut and in the capitals of Europe . . . makes real for us the bedrock role of religion in the family's life . . . gives us a warm, close-up view of the Buckley brothers and sisters during the "getting married" years. Laughing all the way, she chronicles brother Bill's rise to fame from his early years at Yale through the first decade of *National Review*. Aloise is always a warm storyteller; at her best she is hilarious.

Aloise died suddenly, tragically, in 1967. This book celebrates her exuberant spirit. Reading it is pure joy. An intimate visit with two wonderful families, at a time when squalor passes for entertainment, here is a book about American family life that is funny, and *inspiring*. The kind of book to remind us that America has more to offer than the present Dark Age.

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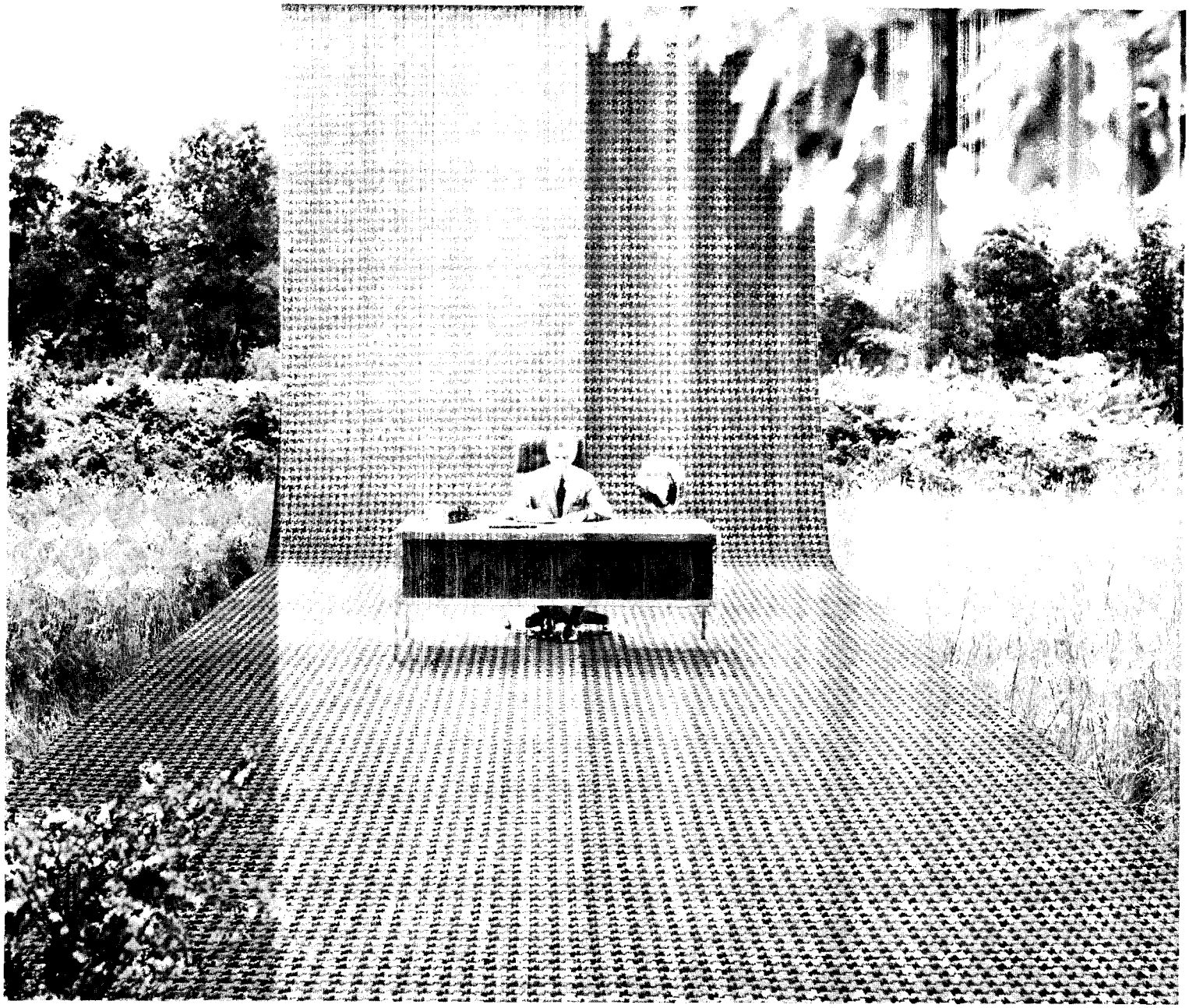

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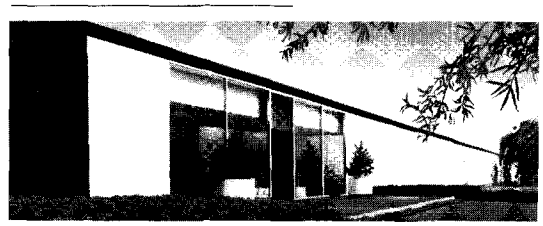

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